ENGLISH STUDIES IN AFRICA

Volume 3 **March, 1960** **Number 1**

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EDITORIAL

SHAKESPEARE AND RELIGION

A. C. PARTRIDGE

SO cogently has Professor E. Davis argued Shakespeare's unbelief (in an article in *Jewish Affairs*, August, 1959) that I am tempted to reply with Apemantus in *Timon of Athens* "Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might answer thee profitably!"[1] Perplexity about Shakespeare, especially in the young, is not likely to be resolved by critical scepticism or paradox such as Professor Davis here offers:

> I confess to finding him, spiritually, something of an agnostic. Certainly he belongs to the infidel as much as to the faithful . . . he was neither a moralist nor a visionary . . . Never was there a less metaphysical writer than Shakespeare. He consistently avoids the fantasies of the unknowable . . . he was certainly not unshaken in any belief he may have had that death is the ultimate healer . . . In the authentic Shakespearian canon comparatively few fearlessly religious and unambiguously pious passages exist.

The pendulum has obviously swung from religious opinion in the nineteenth century, when Milman regarded Shakespeare as a great Christian poet, not merely to be ranked among those who wrote on religious themes, but imbued with the genuine instinct of religious life. Gervinus went further and said: "Shakespeare's moral philosophy is Christianity purified from everything exaggerated or equivocal."[2]

Shakespeare is not a prophet, but a humanist; not a mystic, but a man of this world. Ironically, it is in his moments of greatest insight that he perceives the perversity of humanity dishonouring the likeness of God:

> . . . Man, proud man,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the Angels weep.[3]

Shakespeare's spiritual detachment is, in itself, no mystery. He was a child of the English Renaissance and its precursor, the

[1] II. ii. 79-80.
[2] C. Wordsworth, *Shakespeare and the Bible* (London, 1880), p. 379.
[3] *Measure for Measure*, II. ii. 117-122.

Reformation. Supported by the Tudor monarchy, England had committed itself to a State religion, differing from Catholicism mainly in denying to Rome the hegemony it enjoyed in the Middle Ages. Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, where Shakespeare was baptized, had known the influence of an Anglican priest for less than a decade when Shakespeare was born in 1564; to profess any other than the State religion was to appear subversive to the English throne. Politically, however, the young Shakespeare proved to be royalist, with an unshakable belief in tradition and the hierarchy of social degree. The philosophical principles to which he was most ardently committed, involve a belief in law and order.

In England, many homes were divided in faith, as Shakespeare's apparently was—the mother a staunch, if secret, Catholic, the father an unenthusiastic Anglican. Education was dominated by the State Church; teachers who were not Anglican communicants were unable to obtain a licence. To an Anglican school, with its daily readings from the Book of Common Prayer and the Bishop's Bible, Shakespeare seems to have been sent; for no other was available. There he developed the gift, if not of tongues, at least of the noble use of his own language, wedding biblical dignity of phrase to Senecan moral precept, at their best in Portia's speech on mercy or Prospero's on forgiveness. These principles of Christian ethics are embodied in many of his greatest plays, even pagan ones such as *King Lear*. If there is not much doctrinal religion in Shakespeare's plays, the reason is that such material was dangerous, even forbidden. It may justly be said of the Shakespearian philosophy that it sets the pattern for religious toleration sought by the English nation in the latter half of the seventeenth century, when another civil war proved nugatory.

Shakespeare's earliest pre-occupation seems to have been with his country's civil disorders of the preceding century. He was eager to heal internal breaches by a change of heart. He made his dramas clashes of personalities, but less heavily metaphysical than Carlyle's biographical concept of history. The artist in him needed moral and spiritual qualities of universal validity, capable of expression in comprehensible human terms. To be religious in poetry, one is not obliged to speak in the language of *Ash Wednesday*. Shakespeare was able to achieve that marvellous poetic trinity of sensation, emotion and thought, to which Professor Davis refers; but the ethical basis of the dramas remains, and

explains the permanent respect that they, and A. C. Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* will always hold in any balanced estimate of the dramatist. Dante may have written finely about the *mystery* of life; Shakespeare expressed its *immediacy* and *actuality*. Each poet's thought was, in fact, adapted to the form of expression he chose to adopt. That Shakespeare's attitude to life was, in the human sense, less sane than Dante's, as T. S. Eliot suggests, is a view not shared by more sympathetic critics.

What is the ethos that Shakespeare propounds, not in set terms, but by implication throughout his work? The consistent pattern, in the great utterances both of the tragedies and the histories, is man's insecurity when he relies on fallible human powers. The fall of princes, whether of royal blood or innate virtues, is not less fearful for their new intellectual status; the egotistical sublime is more impressively pricked since man has been emancipated from the religious terror of the Middle Ages. The religious philosophy in Shakespeare's great dramas is less fatalistic, and therefore more attractive, then anything to be found in classical tragedy, partly because the forces in conflict are more humanly dynamic.

The word 'religious', as just used, has the meaning, I believe, longest held by men who have thought of religion's purpose. Both words *religio* and *humanitas* were given the world by Cicero. The former, from *religare* 'to bind', signifies that men are united in orders or by certain regimens of living. Later, in Christian communities, religion came to imply special tenets of belief or modes of worship. Revelation and the immortality of the soul are not, however, universal characteristics of religion; they are the theological accretions of the fathers and apologists.

There is a tendency, however, to confuse religion with theological doctrine, of which Shakespeare had no special knowledge. He was disturbed by the contentious vigour of opposing creeds, and may have thought them more harmful than beneficial. His strongly Graeco-Roman outlook, resting on Aristotle and the Stoics, with a traditional infusion of the laws and pieties of the Hebrew prophets, was precisely the historic focus of forces that moulded the early Christian Church. How could such a man have been a militant papist, or a fanatical Protestant of Puritan breed?

Tolerance is the source of Shakespeare's human and non-sectarian appeal; he is a man wholly guiltless of bigotry. No sect or philosophy claims him without straining the limits of interpretation. Yet

Shakespeare would have scorned the twentieth-century *démarche* from faith that holds religion to be a private matter. The great chain of being was a spiritual hegemony uniting men in a common moral direction of their wills. Before the sectarian feuds of the early seventeenth century made of religion a doctrinal label, the spiritual life was regarded as a battleground, not unlike Friar Laurence's in *Romeo and Juliet:*

> Two such opposed foes encamp them still
> In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will:
> And where the worser is predominant
> Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.[4]

Religion, as doctrine peculiar to creed, should not be applied to the pre-Reformation life that Shakespeare depicted in his plays. He writes of a world in which schism and sect were known only as political instruments. These are the forces of baronial anarchy and disaster he inveighs against in his historical tragedies. Machiavellianism, in all its horrors of social chaos, is depicted in the *Henry VI* trilogy and *Richard III.* His reading of the Wars of the Roses convinced him of the need of unquestioning acceptance of the sovereign power, not claimed, as by Richard II, by divine right, but as the only social contract in feudal times to ensure a stable order. In *Hamlet* he speaks of a politician as "one that would circumvent God."[5] He disapproves of ecclesiastics who abuse their office by meddling in party politics, as he shows in Prince John's words to Archbishop Scroop:

> Who hath not heard it spoken,
> How deep you were within the books of God?
> To us, the speaker in His parliament;
> To us, the imagined voice of God Himself;
> The very opener and intelligencer
> Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
> And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
> But you misuse the reverence of your place;
> Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
> As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
> In deeds dishonourable?[6]

If Shakespeare writes of Richard III's hypocrisy with evident gusto, the cause is dramatic verisimilitude, not agnosticism. Queen

[4] II. iii. 27-30.
[5] V. i. 79.
[6] *2 Henry IV.* IV. ii. 16-26.

Margaret's estimate of Richard as "A foul defacer of God's handiwork" is nearer the truth Shakespeare aimed at, as the end of the play makes clear.

That Shakespeare was sceptical of a life hereafter is not to be inferred, until the contrary evidence has been examined. Hamlet may speak of "the undiscover'd country from whose bourne / No traveller returns;" [7] but Claudius on his knees in the same play knows that no messenger is necessary:

> In the corrupted current of this world,
> Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
> . . . But 'tis not so above.
> There is no shuffling: there the action lies
> In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
> Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
> To give in evidence.[8]

If Shakespeare preferred not to rely on the spiritual consolations of a future life, it is because a sense of human values has greater dramatic significance. He was religious in a more disciplined way, believing that grace comes from works and good conduct from a will addressed to desirable human and divine ends. This does not argue a want of reliance on supernatural power; such a thesis would be anti-scriptural, as well as non-Christian. For the Bible, from Moses to Solomon, from Isaiah to St Paul, is rich with moral injunctions, ideas of human decency and tolerance, in which Revelation is not involved. Shakespeare's is the type of the philosophical and religious mind that reflects on what it can understand by self-knowledge, and whose standards are absolute only in so far as they are needed to preserve dignity and integrity.

> He who the sword of Heaven would bear
> Should be as holy as severe [9]

is not difficult for a humanist to reconcile with:

> . . . ignorance is the curse of God,
> Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.[10]

No writer was so deeply imbued with a sense of justice, but also with the irony to demonstrate how often its ends are defeated. The natural laws of cause and effect he used as a dramatic prime

[7] *Hamlet*, III. i. 79-80.
[8] ibid. III. iii. 57-64.
[9] *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 243-4.
[10] *2 Henry VI*, IV. vii. 69-70.

mover, rather than supernatural intervention; but he knew how to employ the latter for specific ends in *Macbeth* and *The Tempest*. The supernatural element in his tragedies has a psychological function; it accompanies states of extreme emotional tension.

Shakespeare is not, in the Voltairean sense, a rationalist, or even a dialectician, like Socrates. His brief but unequivocal references to a Supreme Power show a reverent regard for what he deemed inscrutable. He expresses the belief, again and again, that a Divinity not only shapes our ends, but watches equally man's relation to man, and man's attitude to God. The mystery that is profound and inexplicable yet calls for gratitude:

> . . . O Lord, that lends me life,
> Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.[11]

He has an instinctive psychological understanding of conscience as a divine instrument; knows prayer as a spiritual admonition of the self to the will:

> What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
> Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, tho' locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.[12]

> And my ending is despair,
> Unless I be relieved by Prayer;
> Which pierces so, that it assaults
> Mercy itself, and frees all faults.[13]

The singular qualities of Shakespeare's mind, after its virile clarity, are the avoidance of extremes and complete detachment. The common-sense virtues he admires are loyalty, sincerity and steadfastness. He is suspicious of intellects that are super-subtle, or of manners artificially refined. Such a man must be a moralist and religious in a sense that men of all ages will be able to understand and to follow. Shakespeare speaks, not of morals, but of psychological relativity, when he says "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."[14] He means simply that values are transmuted by undesirable mental habits.

T. S. Eliot's attack on scientific materialism and eclectic philosophies, surrogates for Christianity in the guise of humanism, is

[11] ibid. I. i. 19-20.
[12] ibid. III. ii. 232-5.
[13] *The Tempest*, Epilogue, 15-18.
[14] *Hamlet*, II. ii. 249-250.

not without immediacy in the light of recent history. But humanism, since its fathers in the Renaissance, has always had Christian alternatives, of which Shakespeare's is a classical type. Not only was he convinced that man was infinite in faculties, in form and moving, now like an angel, now like a God; but he believed, with King Henry V, that "nothing so becomes a man / As modest stillness and humility;" [15] that "Sprites are not finely touched / But to fine issues;" [16] that "In nature there's no blemish, but the mind." [17]

It may, of course, be argued that pious utterances, placed in the mouths of dramatic creations, are no evidence of religious convictions. But is it likely that a poetic imagination would conjure with thoughts of such a kind, if the playwright were an agnostic? It is more probable, I believe, that a profound sympathy with the religious attitude of mind creates the ultimate peace in which proud Lear, alike with humble Henry VI, interprets the meaning of life:

> . . . God shall be my hope,
> My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet.[18]

[15] *Henry V*, III. i. 3-4.
[16] *Measure for Measure*, I. i. 36-37.
[17] *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 351.
[18] 2 *Henry VI*, II. iii. 24-5.

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE: WORDSWORTH'S COMING OF AGE

ALBERT GÉRARD

A. C. BRADLEY once declared *Resolution and Independence* to be "the most Wordsworthian of Wordsworth's poems, and the best test of ability to understand him."[1] And nearly half a century later, F. W. Bateson confirmed this judgment, adding that in this poem of Wordsworth's "Two Voices turn out to be complementary instead of contradictory."[2] It is of course a pity that Bateson should have marred this fine observation by calling the Two Voices "the Wordsworthian Sublime" and "the Wordsworthian Ridiculous." Although Wordsworth's close attention to actual facts had its ludicrous by-products (as witness the notorious surveyor's description in *The Thorn*), it was not inherently ridiculous. Basically, the Two Voices express the complementary facets of Wordsworth's genius: they are the voice of vision and the voice of fact, and it is a matter for regret that they should not be heard more often in perfect conjunction as is the case in *Resolution and Independence*. It should be emphasized, however, that there is nothing spontaneous about the poem's harmony: it is achieved as the outcome of a deep and urgent inner conflict, which forms the main theme of the work and is reflected in its motifs, its diction and its general structure.

The starting-point of the poem is an abrupt shift in mood from exaltation to despondency. "I was in the state of feeling described in the beginning of the poem," Wordsworth says in a Fenwick note, "while crossing over Barton Fell from Mr Clarkson's, at the foot of Ullswater, towards Askam."[3] Miss Moorman observes "that may have been on April 7, 1802, when he left the Clarksons on foot to go into Yorkshire to visit Mary Hutchinson."[4] Several plausible reasons have been adduced for Wordsworth's emotional unbalance at the time: he must have been deeply preoccupied with Coleridge's dejection; his own health was failing;

[1] A. C. Bradley, *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* (London, 1909), p. 130.
[2] F. W. Bateson, *Wordsworth, A Re-Interpretation* (London, 1954), p. 4.
[3] E. de Selincourt, ed., *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* (Oxford, 1940-47), Vol. II, p. 510.
[4] M. Moorman, *William Wordsworth, a Biography* (Oxford, 1957), p. 540.

and as we can see from the great *Ode*, he had become aware that his highest poetic gift, "the visionary gleam," was deserting him. All these, no doubt, are important background elements, but it seems likely that the basic constituent of his mood was connected with his relationship with Mary Hutchinson.

Wordsworth's errand on 7 April could hardly be described as pleasant. On 22 March a letter had come "from poor Annette" and, Dorothy writes, "we resolved to see Annette and that Will should go to Mary."[5] It may have been at the foot of Ullswater, on the way to Askam, that the thought of his present predicament and future responsibilities, both economic and emotional, startled Wordsworth out of his happy birthday mood and started the train of meditation and recollection which was to give birth to *Resolution and Independence*.

* * *

Although W. W. Robson, at the close of his searching analysis of the poem forcefully asserts that *Resolution and Independence* "has a structure, and it is this structure which makes it a successful and public poem,"[6] its formal design has never received the attention it deserves.

As is the case with many Romantic poems,[7] its basic pattern is one of contraction and expansion, the poet's attention shifting back and forth from the outside world to his inner self. At the same time, an ascending movement results from the interaction of self and non-self so that the poem ends on a note of heightened or enriched self-awareness. In the present case, the process of expansion and contraction occurs twice: after the objective description of nature in stanzas I and II, Wordsworth muses on his own self, his own problems in stanzas III to VI. Stanza VII is transitional, self-centred only in the sense that Wordsworth is here speaking of other poets; but the generalization at the end displaces the focus of his attention. The expansion process recurs as Wordsworth now concentrates on the old man, in stanzas VIII to XV. Like stanza VII, stanza XVI is transitional: it initiates the poet's return to his own inwardness, which is the main theme

[5] E. de Selincourt, ed., *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth* (London, 1952), Vol. I, p. 127-8.

[6] W. W. Robson, 'Wordsworth: *Resolutions and Independence*' in J. Wain, ed., *Interpretations* (London, 1955), p. 127.

[7] cf. A. Gérard, The Systolic Rhythm: 'The Structure of Coleridge's Conversation Poems', to be published in *Essays in Criticism*.

of the end of the poem, with a short return to objectivity in stanza XVIII.

This division of the poem into two main parts (I-VII) and (VIII-XX), each divided in its turn into two sub-parts (I-II, III-VII and VIII-XV, XVI-XX), is based on the matter on which the poet's attention is centred at each given point. But closer attention reveals that the basic contrarieties on which the structure of the poem rests, go further and deeper than the surface polarity of subject and object, or poet and outside world. In other words, the dialectic of the poem does not lead only to the well-known Romantic synthesis of the self and the world. It has another and subtler aspect which involves moral concepts and emotions of the highest order, and we can see from *Resolution and Independence* that the problem of happiness and suffering was for Wordsworth, as it was to be for Keats, one of the utmost urgency. From this second point of view, based on thematic values rather than on subject-matter, it will be seen that the first part formulates the problem, while the second solves it. But the thematic pattern does not coincide at all points with the subject-matter pattern: the contrapuntal variations give us some idea of Wordsworth's skill as a poet.

The contest between two moods which is the core of the problem is deftly expressed in the final lines of the first part:

> We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
> But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.
> (*lines* 48-49)

The psychological theme, therefore, is how in the end 'despondency' succeeds the 'gladness' that was at the beginning. W. W. Robson has called attention to the tense-scheme of this part, and indeed the shift from present to past is a master stroke: the joy of the present moment ("But now the sun is rising . . .") is projected into the past in stanza III ("I was a traveller then . . .") and does indeed become a thing of the past in stanza IV ("To me that morning did it happen so . . ."), while the use of the present perfect in the first line of stanza VI ("My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought . . .") unobtrusively prepares the reader for Wordsworth's generalized expression of anxiety about the future in the latter part of the stanza ("But how can He expect . . .").

The two moods are thoroughly illustrated and easily identifiable. "Gladness" and its equivalents ("mirth," "joy," "delight," "plea-

sant," "happy," "blissful") refer to the visionary joy that comes from a perception of the One Life which is both a primary experience of the Romantic poets and a primary theme of Romantic poetry. All the lines devoted to the description of nature form a magnificent pageant of natural piety: the birds, the sky, the grass, the hare are all presented as animated, "blissful natures," and the poet is one of their crowd, the relationship being explicitly associated with childhood ("as happy as a boy," "happy Child on earth").

In *The Liberal Imagination*, Lionel Trilling has suggested that *Resolution and Independence* is the "timely utterance" referred to in the *Ode: Intimations of Immortality*. This interpretation has been rejected by J. C. Ransom,[8] who reverts to Garrod's view that the "timely utterance" is *My heart leaps up*, without, however, countering Trilling's argument that in *Resolution and Independence* "and not in the rainbow poem, a sullen feeling occurs and is relieved."[9] According to Ransom, "the trouble which is healed by the meeting with the leech-gatherer can hardly be the trouble which is the burden of the *Ode*." In the *Ode*, "the poet's complaint is that he no longer obtains from natural objects the religious intimations which he ascribes to his youth; that is to say, the overwhelming sense of the presence of God," while *Resolution and Independence* deals with what Ransom calls "animal or economic discouragement."

While it is true that Wordworth's despondency in *Resolution and Independence* has economic features which are absent from the *Ode*, it is a fact that the poem also deals with the loss of a sense of nature identical with the natural piety of the rainbow poem. Moreover, this natural poetry is linked with mystical feelings reminiscent of *Tintern Abbey*. Whether intentionally or not, the lines:

> I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
> *Or heard them not*, as happy as a boy
>
> (lines 18-19)

recall the visionary trance described four years earlier as "that serene and blessed mood" in which "we are laid asleep/In body, and become a living soul" (lines 41-46). But whereas in *Tintern Abbey* this mood was a gift "more sublime," a revelation of ultimate truth, and an intimation of nature as the "soul of all my moral

[8] G. T. Dunklin, ed., *Wordsworth* (Princeton, 1951), p. 108-110.
[9] L. Trilling, *The Liberal Imagination* (London 1955), p. 140.

being," in *Resolution and Independence* the poet's enjoyment of his youthful vision is described as a mere "summer mood," with the obvious implication that life's business is something different. What, then, is "life's business"?

It appears, first, that life is to be lived among men, however "vain and melancholy" their "ways" may be. In some sense it is therefore wrong to "walk . . . far from the world . . . and from all care" (line 33). For Wordsworth, at the time, such phrasing no doubt had a very concrete meaning. What Trilling calls his "reversal of feeling" occurred, we remember, when he was on his way to explain to Mary Hutchinson that he was leaving for France. This would postpone their marriage. The "care" of which he speaks is likely to be linked with his future responsibilities as a married man, and with the consequences of his affair with Annette Vallon. It is true that stanza VI deals wholly with the economic aspect of the problem. But the words "solitude, pain of heart, distress" of stanza V suggest some deeper anxiety.

Trilling rightly says that "the second specific fear" (besides the economic fear) "is of mental distress." Unfortunately he does not attempt to explain what exactly this mental distress may be. Perhaps a clue is to be found in the *Stanzas Written in my Pocket-Copy of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence,"* which Wordsworth began on 9 May, the day *Resolution and Independence* was finished. The title is significant: Wordsworth found both Thomson's 'indolence' and Thomson's stanza form most suitable for this portrait of himself and Coleridge, in which he fixed the blissful image of their life together—a life which is here described in terms of sheer spontaneous enjoyment of nature and utter social irresponsibility. On the point of entering into a new course of life, Wordsworth was casting a wistful glance at his past self:

> For happier soul no living creature has
> Than he had . . .

and on his and Coleridge's past life:

> . . . from earthly labour free
> As happy spirits as were ever seen.

This poem, which in retrospect sounds somehow like a farewell song, contains two lines which may cast some light on the problem under discussion:

Some thought he was a lover, and did woo:

. . .

But verse was what he had been wedded to;

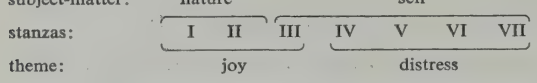
The wedding image is a tell-tale one, however conventional it may be. And one may suggest with due caution that Wordsworth had his own secret misgivings about the possibility of reconciling his devotion to his future wife and his dedication to poetry. This might be the mental distress which, together with the thought of economic care, produced the mood of dejection.

In the first part of the poem, then, the visionary mood is presented as the highest joy of which man is capable. It is the privilege of the poet that this god-like bliss should be reserved for him: the poet is "deified" by his own spirit. But the communion with nature, which is childlike, is also childish: adult life is not to be lived on the visionary plane. When the poet is brought face to face with the needs he had left unheeded, with the responsibilities he had previously evaded, or escaped, as the case may be, his "genial spirits fail"[10] and the visionary mood vanishes. The greater the joy he had known, the more painful his disappointment. The reality of the vision and the reality of life seem to be mutually exclusive: this is the core of the problem and the substance of the author's "untoward thoughts," the agonizing dilemma which is to be solved in the second part.

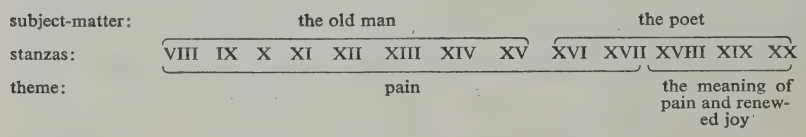
If we now turn back to the structure of the poem, we notice the artful overlapping and intertwining of the subject-matter pattern and the thematic pattern. In both, the first part is divided into two sub-parts. But while in the former the first sub-part, centred on nature, comprises stanzas I and II, and the second, centred on the poet, stanzas III to VII, in the latter the dividing line comes after stanza III: the first three stanzas are devoted to the theme of joy, whereas the last four deal with distress. That the first three stanzas form a self-contained whole, in spite of the subject-matter change over from non-self to self after stanza II, is shown by the close equivalence of lines 1-2 and lines 21-22. Both couplets express a similar shift, one in the physical realm of nature (end of wind and rain); the other in the mood of the poet (forgetting of old sufferings and of human folly). The third stanza plays a

[10] Echoes of *Dejection: An Ode* are numerous in this poem. For a full account of the relation between them, cf. G. W. Meyer, '*Resolution and Independence*. Wordsworth's answer to Coleridge's *Dejection: An Ode*' in *Tulane Studies in English*, Vol. II, 1950.

pivotal part and ensures the organic unity in an interlocking wave-like movement which might be represented as follows:



The same pattern is repeated in the second part, which can also be considered from the point of view of subject-matter and from the point of view of the moral theme. The development of the moral theme now reverses the movement of the first part, as it consists of a new shift from distress and dereliction back to joy, although of a different kind. The ambivalent transitional function of stanza VII in the first part is here fulfilled by stanzas XVI and XVII which, so far as subject-matter is concerned, deal with the poet and not with the old man, and, with regard to the thematic values, go on treating the motif of pain. The design is the same as in the first part:



Moreover, just as was the case with stanza III, the last words of stanza XVI refer the reader back to the first stanza of the second part by repeating the idea that the old man is a messenger "from above" or "from some far region," sent "by peculiar grace" in order to give the poet "apt admonishment."

Stanza XVI resembles stanza III in yet another significant way which strengthens its focal function. Stanza III described the ecstasy of communion with nature, in which sense-awareness is changed into *Einfühlung*. Stanza XVI refers to a similar trance-like feeling of inwardness:

> But now his voice to me was like a stream
> *Scarce heard . . .*
> And the whole body of the man did seem
> Like one whom I had met with in a dream.

The stream image provides an explicit link with the "waters" of stanza III. The similarity between both stanzas is extremely important. It shows that although this poem ushers in a new turn in Wordworth's outlook on life, a basic continuity characterizes his belief in the unity of the cosmos and the paramount

validity of intuitive knowledge. But whereas during the period of the summer mood his intuition leads him to a heightened awareness of nature, the new stage is marked by a deep-felt participation in the moral experience of mankind.[11]

This combination of growth and continuity receives poetic expression in the skilfully managed coalescence of identity and diversity in the subject-matter. For it should not escape the careful reader that Wordsworth is at pains to present the old man as another facet of the nature that is described in the first two stanzas of the poem: while the poet's attention was first attracted by "all *things* that love the sun," the old man seems to him "a *thing* endued with sense." Wordsworth himself has explained in the Preface of 1815 how by using carefully chosen similes he reduced the old man to the nakedness of essential being. What remains of the first version of the poem gives us a clue to the impression Wordsworth wanted to create. "What is brought forward?" he exclaims in a letter to Sara Hutchinson: " 'A lonely place, a pond' 'by which an old man *was*, far from all house or home'—not stood, not sat, but '*was*'—the figure presented in the most naked simplicity possible."[12] Whereas nature, in the first part, was presented under the most alluring aspects, overflowing with joy and vitality, here indeed we have a vision of nature reduced to its bare essentials, without which there is no being. In his desolate setting ("pool bare to the eye of heaven" "on the bald top of an eminence"), in his near immobility ("huge stone," "sea-beast crawled forth," "motionless as a cloud"), the old man embodies an aspect of nature which is utterly different from the colourful and animated picture given in the first part. He also embodies the opposite of the poet's "summer mood;" he is indeed a most impressive image of "solitude" and "poverty." He is the main agent of the unity of the poem, being on a level with nature as well as with the poet.

But the description in stanzas VIII to XII is only one stage in the development of the old man's character. The important point is that he does not stand in absolute contrast to the joyful depiction of nature; he is not presented in an entirely negative way. As

[11] cf. M. Moorman, op. cit. p. 542: "*The Leech-Gatherer* is of personal importance because it shows that he was still, in spite of the loss of his vision of the glory of Nature lamented in the *Ode*, capable of passing into the visionary state when deeply moved by human encounter." The process is summed up in the title of Book VIII of *The Prelude*: 'Love of Nature leading to Love of Mankind,' which was written in 1804.

[12] E. de Selincourt, ed., *The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth* (Oxford, 1935), p. 306.

Wordsworth compares him to a sea-beast that has crawled on to a shelf of rock or sand "there to *sun* himself," we remember that the natural description at the beginning of the poem was centred on "all things that love the *sun*." Besides, only the objective features of his predicament, the "poverty" and the "solitude" are emphasized. The subjective aspects, the "pain of heart" and the "distress" appear as much a thing of the past as does the delight of the poet in stanza IV. All this leads to the further development that is to take place and which shows that even the old man's extreme destitution is imbued with high value—just as the sea-beasts in *The Ancient Mariner* are not deprived of beauty. As the poem goes on, the figure of the old man undergoes a gradual transformation, goes through a process of enrichment and, one might say, re-humanization.

In stanzas VIII to XI, the old man looks like a mere thing. He is a figure of dereliction, a symbol of life at the lowest level, an emblem of humanity reduced by pain and poverty to "the most naked simplicity." But from stanza XII onwards, this figure becomes animated, as the old man, looking for leeches stirs "the muddy water"—perhaps a reflexion, in this new, lurid, context of the plashy earth from which the running hare was raising a glittering mist in stanza II.

The full two-sidedness of the leech-gatherer is revealed in stanzas XIII to XIV, when he begins to answer the poet's question. Although he remains "feeble," it is now plain that there is more in him than met the eye at first. Not only are his eyes "yet-vivid", but his speech is not what one would expect from such a being: it is "gentle" and "courteous," "solemn," "lofty" and "stately." It is also formal and fastidious ("choice word and measured phrase"). In brief, the description of the old man's manner of speaking is carefully designed to create an impression of kindness, dignity and even culture.

It has become customary to consider the leech-gatherer as a representative of Wordsworth's solitaries. R. D. Havens and Mary Moorman have done so. But the most searching study of the Wordsworthian solitary so far is that of John Jones in *The Egotistical Sublime*. For Jones, the old Cumberland Beggar, the Discharged Soldier of the *Prelude*, the Old Man Travelling and the Leech-gatherer "are in their different ways at peace with their environ-

ment."[13] "The Leech-gatherer," he writes, "does not need to do or say anything—he is. Like all the great solitaries, he has a primordial quality, by virtue of which he stands anterior, in time or in logic, to a divorce in human understanding."[14] Although it is true, as Jones observes, that "almost none of the Leech-gatherer's conversation is reported in his own words, and so . . . does not obtrude itself upon the poem,"[15] the point, surely, is that the old man does speak and that Wordsworth takes pains to enlarge upon the articulateness of his speech, which is "above the reach of ordinary men." This makes him quite different from the old Cumberland beggar of four years earlier, and suggests that the leech-gatherer has reached a wisdom which is not the same as the elemental and preconscious acceptance of life characteristic of other solitaries. In fact if, by "a divorce in human understanding," Jones means the awareness of the dilemma between the summer mood and the despondency formulated in the first part of the poem it would appear that the old man's wisdom is not anterior but posterior to it, not a pre-conscious acceptance of life but a successful and conscious reconciliation of pain and happiness. The "pain of heart" and the "distress" that the poet now feels were experienced by the old man "in times long past," and then overcome to give way to the serenity of conscious acceptance.

This, in fact, is why the leech-gatherer's predicament is relevant to the poet's problem. And it is this, too, which enables Wordsworth to identify himself with the old man in stanza XVI. Other elements intervene, of course, as there can be no identification when there are no points of similitude. Wordsworth describes himself as "a Traveller . . . upon the moor;" the old man too is a traveller, roaming "from moor to moor." The element that stands uppermost in the poet's preoccupation with "life's business" is the very concrete problem of securing such "needful things" as housing and food; it is just to this problem that the leech-gatherer has found his own modest solution:

> Housing, with God's help, by choice and chance;
> And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

But such particulars should not be mistaken for ultimates. Housing and food are only examples, although maybe particularly pressing

[13] J. Jones, *The Egotistical Sublime: A History of Wordsworth's Imagination* (London, 1954), p. 61.
[14] ibid. p. 63.
[15] ibid. p. 62.

ones, of the general duties and responsibilities a man assumes once he abandons the self-centred life of poetic isolation in nature. W. W. Robson is right in stating that the theme of the poem "is maturity; or rather, the recognition of a fact of moral experience without which there cannot be full maturity; that is, successful emergence from the world of the child."[16] Through his ecstatic identification with the leech-gatherer, Wordsworth raises himself from puzzled recognition to mature acceptance of the positive value of suffering. The cruel dilemma expressed in the first part of the poem now appears as a false one: destitution does not necessarily result in unhappiness; physical decrepitude can be reconciled with firmness of mind; life lived on the lowest level does not exclude cheerfulness.

The Stoic strain is obvious:

> . . . in the poem *Resolution and Independence*, the Stoic precept that warns against anxious anticipation of misfortunes receives its first expression.[17]

It is important to note, however, as Mary Moorman has done, that ". . . here we meet for the first time with a word new in Wordsworth's vocabulary—one which was to play an increasingly important part in the poetry of the years to come. It is the word 'grace.' "[18] E. Geen, recalling that the notion of God's immanence dominates Wordsworth's thought between 1798 and 1807, seems to me to play down unjustifiably the meaning of the word in this particular context; she draws an obscure distinction between "a leading from above" and "a something given;" she states that "the original question whether a 'genial faith' is alone sufficient is implicitly answered in the affirmative;" and she implies that the poem does not exhibit much "sense of dependence on other than human aid."[19]

On the contrary, although the phrasing here ("whether" in line 50, "did seem" in line 109) is as tentative as is the phrasing of the pantheistic intuition in *Tintern Abbey* or in *The Eolian Harp*, for the first time we find in Wordsworth's poetry a distinct expression

[16] J. Wain, ed., *Interpretations*, p. 121.

[17] J. Worthington, *Wordsworth's Reading of Roman Prose* (New Haven, 1946), p. 61.

[18] Op. cit., p. 540. In fact, there are previous occurrences of the word 'grace' in Wordsworth's poetry. They have been listed and analysed by E. Geen (cf. note 19). But this is indeed the first time that it is endowed with something approaching its full significance.

[19] E. Geen, 'The Concept of Grace in Wordsworth's Poetry,' *P.M.L.A.* LVIII (1943), p. 689-715, especially p. 696-7.

of the notion of transcendence, according to which, in the words of E. Geen:

> God is conceived of as distinct from and unrelated to nature, with grace the means of a transcendent God's making known His favourable interest in man.[20]

The experience is described as "a leading from *above*," "a something *given*," the leech-gatherer as "a man from some *far* region sent." And in his letter of 14 June, 1802, to Sara Hutchinson, Wordsworth writes:

> I consider the manner in which I was rescued from my dejection and despair almost as an interposition of Providence.[21]

The leech-gatherer himself is one of those

> Religious men, who give to God and man their dues
> (line 98)

He acknowledges "God's good help" (line 104), a phrase which is echoed at the end of the poem when Wordsworth exclaims: "God, be my help and stay secure." (line 139.)

Wordsworth's glorification of the workings of divine grace has another important implication: as W. W. Robson has pointed out,[22] it carries a criticism of the poet's self-deification referred to in line 48. Wordsworth obviously begins to realize that the Romantic poet is deified only by his own spirits, which are too feeble to sustain that mood of godlike exaltation when facing the facts of adult life. The only source of true and lasting happiness is God's grace. It is therefore difficult to agree with Robson's unexpected statement to the effect that "Wordsworth, in 'laughing himself to scorn,' laughs himself back to a happiness which is felt to be still there."[23] This is to ignore the second component in the characteristic rhythm of much of the best Romantic poetry. Like Coleridge's Conversation poems, or *The Daffodils* or many another successful poem, *Resolution and Independence* is endowed not only with the pulsing movement which carries the poet and the reader from self to non-self and back; but also with an upward spiral-like

[20] Op. cit., p. 695.
[21] *Early Letters*, p. 306.
[22] J. Wain, ed., *Interpretations*, p. 121.
[23] ibid. p. 120.

dynamism which results from the action of external experience upon the inner personality of the poet, so that the self to which we revert is not the self that was our starting-point. And if Wordsworth, after passing from delight to distress, laughs himself back to happiness, it is not the initial irresponsible happiness associated with the natural piety of childhood, but to a happiness of a different quality, more serene and more complex, not the happiness of innocence but the happiness of experience, wisdom and maturity.

EMMA: A DEFINITION OF VIRTUE

W. R. MARTIN

RICHARD ALDINGTON has said that Jane Austen's art is "domestic, provincial, feminine and prosaic, placidly realist."[1] He puts his opinion cantankerously, but it is not very different from that of most critics and historians of literature. How inadequate this opinion is, can be demonstrated in an examination of *Emma.*

Emma learns that intrigue and wanton imaginings are a source of evil, and that everything serves, as Mr Knightley puts it, "to prove more and more the beauty of truth and sincerity in all our dealings with each other."[2] The plot is constructed to show that as Emma takes a less and less active part, the consequences of her conduct become, or threaten to be, more and more dire; there is a series of graded demonstrations of her folly to establish a causal connection between it and unhappiness. We begin to realize what virtue consists in when we see the effects of its opposite.

Emma also achieves its purpose through deployment of character and incident. It is similar to a Morality play. Emma is Any Lively and Intelligent Young Woman:

> An old story, probably—a common case—and no more than has happened to hundreds of my sex before.[3]

Many of the other characters, besides having the naturalistic 'life' that has often been remarked on, are types and personified qualities. This is emphasized by the attachment to each of a sort of label. Mr Woodhouse is "gentle selfishness;"[4] Miss Bates, "desultory good-will"[5] and "guileless simplicity and warmth;"[6] Mr Weston, "unmanageable good-will;"[7] Mrs Elton, "self-important, presuming, familiar, ignorant and ill-bred,"[8] though this judgment is, of course, Emma's. Mr Knightley and his brother are also characters in the Morality. The novel presents characters in different states of being. Each is a signboard for Emma on her pilgrimage, and has an important place in the composition.

[1] Introduction to the Chawton edition of Jane Austen's novels in *Pride and Prejudice* (London, 1948), p. ii.

[2] R. W. Chapman, ed., *Emma* (Oxford University Press, 1933). (Oxford Illustrated Edition), p. 446.

[3] ibid. p. 427.

[4] ibid. p. 8.

[5] ibid. p. 239.

[6] ibid. p. 284.

[7] ibid. p. 353.

[8] ibid. p. 281.

In *Sense and Sensibility* Jane Austen establishes an opposition between two modes of behaviour. That novel is like a long debate in which sense and sensibility manifest themselves in different forms and degrees. Although the scale tips in favour of Elinor and sense, the debate is by no means one-sided. What could be more repulsive than the cold unfeeling sense of the John Dashwoods? Even Willoughby's unstable sensibility is preferable. But in spite of this kind of complexity, *Sense and Sensibility* is a novel in which two terms are weighed against each other. In *Emma* Jane Austen uses three terms, and creates an instrument skilfully designed for a more complex task.

The pattern of the three terms can be discerned in Chapter I. Mr Woodhouse deplores the Taylor-Weston marriage, and marriage in general. His position (*a*) is so manifestly absurd that we dismiss it immediately. Its very absurdity disposes us to approve of Emma's (*b*), which is its opposite. She is so enthusiastic in the cause of matrimony that she is eager to be match-making. However, it is not Emma's position but Mr Knightley's (*c*), which we are to see as sound. He, like Emma, welcomes the Taylor-Weston marriage, but, like Mr Woodhouse, advises Emma to "leave him [Elton] to chuse his own wife."[9]

In Chapter II we meet Mr Weston, who, having "an active cheerful mind and social temper,"[10] seems to be the opposite of all we disapprove of in Mr Woodhouse. But gradually we are shown Mr Weston's short-comings, which stem from the very cheerfulness that we at first welcomed. He prefers sometimes not to see the truth: for instance, he says of the dirty wall-paper in the ball-room,"What does all that signify? You will see nothing of it by candle-light."[11] Again we find the third term, the ultimate, in Mr Knightley. The paths of all the patterns lead to him.

At the Westons' Christmas Eve dinner-party, Mr John Knightley informs them all that the ground is "covered with snow" and that it is "still snowing fast." He is obviously wrong to triumph over Mr Woodhouse with, "Everybody must have seen the snow coming on. I admired your spirit; and I daresay we shall get home very well." On the same page:

> Mr Weston, with triumph of a different sort, was confessing that he had known it to be snowing some time, but had not said a word, lest it should make Mr Woodhouse un-

[9] ibid. p. 14.
[10] ibid. p. 15.
[11] ibid. p. 253.

> comfortable . . . He wished the road might be impassable, that he might be able to keep them all at Randalls.[12]

Mr Weston's attitude is less obviously wrong than John Knightley's, but still far from satisfactory. On the next page:

> Mr [George] Knightley, who had left the room immediately after his brother's first report of the snow, came back again, and told them that he had been out of doors to examine, and could answer for there not being the smallest difficulty in their getting home, whenever they liked it . . . the snow was no where above half an inch deep.

This pattern has large scope in *Emma*. In one form it spans the whole, from the first line to the last. "Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever, and rich . . .;" it opens like a fairy-tale, and Emma is almost the princess. And yet from this first sentence we feel the drag of the irony, until the gilded coach finally jolts to a stop at the end of the third paragraph with " . . . Emma doing just what she liked; highly esteeming Miss Taylor's judgment, but directed chiefly by her own." But, in the end, we are to see her, after the offending Adam has been whipped out of her, as more like a princess than a spoiled child. This is suggested when, for instance, we are told that Mr Knightley, knowing he had won her, passed to "something so like perfect happiness, that it could bear no other name,"[13] and it is confirmed by the last words of the novel: "the perfect happiness of the union."

The pattern is also worked right through the novel in terms of "gentleness" (Mr Woodhouse p. 32 and Mr Elton p. 34), "gallantry" (Mr Woodhouse p. 77, Mr Elton p. 49 and Frank Churchill p. 348) and Mr Knightley's humanity. Emma says that Mr Knightley lacks "gentleness;"[14] at a significant point in the novel Mr Knightley's "gallantry" is "unfinished;"[15] Emma tells us that he "is not a gallant man, but he is a very humane one."[16]

Mr Woodhouse is often the first of the three terms in the pattern. He is a foil to Emma. We are invited to see how different they are. And yet his grotesque unreason is paralleled by her only less obviously grotesque mistakes, and as we look back, what strikes us is how similar their positions are.

[12] ibid. p. 126.
[13] ibid. p. 432.
[14] ibid. p. 34.
[15] ibid. p. 386.
[16] ibid. p. 223.

Before we meet Mrs Elton we hear that "the wind-up of her history" is that she has a sister "*very well* married to a gentleman in a *great way*," "who kept two carriages!"[17] Two pages later we are told that Emma

> meant to take her [Harriet] in the carriage, leave her at the Abbey Mill [the Martins] while she drove a little farther, and call for her again . . . soon.

Emma's ostentation echoes right through the novel, whenever Mrs Elton mentions the "barouche-landau." Mr Knightley's quality opposed to Mrs Elton's and Emma's snobbishness, is reflected in Emma's opinion: that Mr Knightley was too apt "to get about as he could, and not use his carriage so often as became the owner of Donwell abbey."[18]

When Mrs Elton trumpets her "horror of upstarts" and the Tupmans,[19] we remember Emma's attitude to the Martins.[20] Mrs Elton says she is "blessed with so many resources"[21] and

Emma, with scarcely less complacency, tells Harriet, "mine is an active, busy mind, with a great many independent resources."[22] Mrs Elton "meant to shine and be very superior,"[23] and "must return their civilities by one very superior party;"[24] we are given Emma's train of thought:

> The Coles were very respectable in their way, but they ought to be taught that it was not for them to arrange the terms on which the superior families would visit them."[25]

At the ball both Mrs Elton and Emma expected to be asked to begin the dancing. Mrs Elton "would expect it," so she was asked, and "Emma heard the sad truth with fortitude."[26]

The likeness is nowhere clearer than when Mrs Elton insists on finding Jane Fairfax a place as a governess:

> Something that would do! . . . Aye, *that* may suit your humble ideas of yourself;—I know what a modest creature you are; but it will not satisfy your friends to have you

[17] ibid. p. 183.
[18] ibid. p. 213.
[19] ibid. p. 310.
[20] ibid. p. 29-31.
[21] ibid. p. 276.
[22] ibid. p. 85.
[23] ibid. p. 272.
[24] ibid. p. 290.
[25] ibid. p. 207.
[26] ibid. p. 235.

> taking up with anything that may offer, any inferior, commonplace situation, in a family not moving in a certain circle, or able to command the elegancies of life."[27]

This is a parody of Emma's words to Harriet long before:

> Dear affectionate creature! *You* banished to Abbey-Mill Farm! *You* confined to the society of the illiterate and vulgar all your life! I wonder how the young man could have the assurance to ask it.[28]

It is ironical that it is Mrs Elton herself who draws Emma's attention to the likeness:

> You and I need not be afraid. If *we* set the example, many will follow it as far as they can; though all have not our situations. *We* have carriages to fetch and convey her home, and *we* live in a style which . . ."[29]

Because we see Mrs Elton through Emma's eyes, we regard them at first as poles asunder. As the correspondences accumulate, we begin to realize that we are watching an extraordinary *tour de force*. Jane Austen is showing us Emma looking into a mirror—and there Emma sees Mrs Elton, her own faults writ large. The mirror distorts, but Emma recognizes the likeness. One sign of this is in the last sentence of Chapter XIV, Vol. II. It carries a significant emphasis: "Her [Emma's] mind returned to Mrs Elton's offences, and long, very long, did they occupy her."[30] The new Emma is to be contrasted with Mrs Elton, and the old Emma is seen to be, not her opposite, but very subtly the same kind of person.

The effect of the pattern is to stress a statement made, we cannot doubt, by the narrator herself: "Seldom, very seldom, does complete truth belong to any human disclosure; seldom can it happen that something is not a little disguised, or a little mistaken."[31] We feel, as we realize we have been deluded by the earlier Emma, that getting to the truth and achieving virtue is not a simple matter. (Emma says in reply to Jane's enquiry whether Mr Elton is tall, "Who shall answer that question? My father would say 'yes', Mr Knightley 'no'; and Miss Bates and I that he is just the happy medium."[32]) Following the labyrinthine pattern makes demands on us, but allows us to experience the sensation of getting closer to truth and goodness. Because *Emma* takes us through the maze

[27] ibid. p. 301.
[28] ibid. p. 54.
[29] ibid. p. 283.
[30] ibid. p. 280.
[31] ibid. p. 431.
[32] ibid. p. 174.

to the ultimate goal, it can be described as a discovery and definition of virtue. And a clear implication of the novel is that the striving for virtue is the most important of all quests.

Miss Bates's significance in the novel is stressed when we first hear about her, in the long paragraph beginning, "Mrs Bates, the widow . . ."[33] As the paragraph moves on to Miss Bates, the characteristically satiric vein is dropped and we find an unusually plain statement. With the sentence:

> The simplicity and cheerfulness of her nature, her contented and grateful spirit, were a recommendation to everybody and a mine of felicity to herself,

we have a passage of lyrical verse. This passage on Miss Bates is carefully framed in this way because her function in the Morality is to serve as a somewhat freakish embodiment of virtue—freakish, for, as Emma says, "what is good and what is ridiculous are most unfortunately blended in her."[34] She has "universal good-will"[35] and an openness that is both pathetic and amusing. When she speaks to Mr Knightley through the casement, she is hardly aware that "the door was open, and the window was open"[36] and that they are being overheard. She does not need to notice such things, because she never hides anything.

We are invited to remark on Emma's superiority to Miss Bates in wit, tact, intelligence and a host of other qualities—Emma "sets up . . . for Understanding"[37]—but the point we are to take is that, for most of the twelve-month spanned by the novel, Miss Bates is Emma's superior in all that matters. And there is more to it than that. Miss Bates's case points to the centre of Emma's moral problem. Virtue is more difficult for Emma to attain precisely because she has all her brilliant qualities, as well as a social position and lonely circumstances to present temptations. Miss Bates's virtue is a comment on Emma's folly, but she is no model for her. Only Mr Knightley can be that, because his virtue goes with a mature, critical intelligence.

So securely is Mr Knightley established as a model of virtue that his pronouncements come to have almost oracular force. He is Great-heart to Emma's Christiana. It is probable that George Knightley's names—we scarcely hear the "George"—are intended

[33] ibid. p. 21.
[34] ibid. p. 375.
[35] ibid. p. 21.
[36] ibid. p. 245.
[37] ibid. p. 427.

to remind us of the rescue of a maiden. But we are shown that there is nothing providential about him. Twice he points out to Emma that he has the advantage of her "by sixteen years' experience,"[38] and what we are to see in this is that his infallibility is not innate, but has been achieved, as Emma must achieve hers, by passing through Sloughs of Despond and Valleys of Humiliation.

He is introduced to us as "a sensible man."[39] Then, by giving him a classical exposition of the *post-hoc-ergo-propter-hoc* fallacy,[40] Jane Austen subtly identifies him with the wisdom and values of civilization, and invests him with an authority we are conscious of whenever he speaks. His significance is powerfully dramatized when, after John Knightley's and Mr Weston's different triumphs at the party, he comes back, having "gone beyond the sweep—some way along the Highbury road" and conferred with the coachmen,[41] to announce that all is well and allay the spreading alarm. Here his goodwill is manifest, and with his respect for "sober facts,"[42] he seems, in an almost transcendent way, to be in touch with reality and truth.

To avoid the danger of Mr Knightley's infallibility being recognized from the very beginning, Jane Austen encourages the reader to ask himself whether Mr Knightley is not really rather an ill-natured man. He is thirty-seven or more, perhaps already a confirmed bachelor. Even the unpopular advice he gives to Emma on match-making might be thought of as the issue of some sourness in him. This suspicion is dispelled, even before Knightley is vindicated by events, when we come to know his brother, John Knightley. We see that Knightley is not surly, because his brother, who is so like him in many ways, differs from him in having precisely this blemish. The difference between them is epitomized in their attitudes to Mr Woodhouse.

In a sense, the relation between the two Knightleys is the opposite of that between Mrs Elton and Emma. The latter are thought to be very different and are then seen to be significantly similar: the former are thought to be remarkably alike and are later seen to be significantly different. Mrs Elton's faults point to Emma's: John Knightley's faults point to his brother's excellences.

This leaves us with a suspicion that Mr Knightley's judgment is biassed by jealousy of Frank Churchill. He confesses that:

[38] ibid. p. 99.
[39] ibid. p. 9.
[40] ibid. p. 12-13.
[41] ibid. p. 127-128.
[42] ibid. p. 69.

> he had been in love with Emma, and jealous of Frank Churchill, from about the same period, one sentiment having probably enlightened him as to the other. It was his jealousy of Frank Churchill that had taken him from the country.[43]

His jealousy is less significant than the fact that he was aware of his jealousy and had done what he could to counteract it. When he says, "but, yet, I think—had *you* not been in the case—I should still have distrusted him,"[44] we feel that he is no more than just to himself and quite right about that young gallant, Frank. He, the novel shows, is an engaging scamp; he fails to convince us, even in his long confessional letter to Mrs Weston, that he has even begun the journey that Emma completes.

Marriage marks, by convention, the end of many novels. In *Emma*, the George-Emma wedding is far more than a conventional terminus: it is the end of a pilgrimage. Emma's journey, though apparently shorter than that other one from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, and only from girlish wilfulness to womanly maturity, is hardly less significant than the Progress that Bunyan describes.

Emma's first state is carefully put:

> With an alacrity beyond the common impulse of a spirit which yet was never indifferent to the credit of doing everything well and attentively, with the real goodwill of a mind delighted with its own ideas, did she then do all the honours of the meal, and help and recommend the minced chicken and scalloped oysters . . ." [45]

Warned by the orotundity, we are able to see her self-indulgence and the absurdity of a goodwill that is satisfied by the offering of these viands to the "little circle" of "the chosen and the best."[46] Emma wants credit for her goodwill and her good housekeeping. Yet she is not so obviously astray. On the next page Mr Woodhouse says, "I do not advise the custard. Mrs Goddard, what say you to *half* a glass of wine? A *small* half glass—put into a tumbler of water?" Emma is a model of hospitality in contrast. We find the third term of this little pattern in courtesy—real goodwill—when Mr Knightley unobtrusively makes a present of apples (neither

[43] ibid. p. 432.
[44] ibid. p. 445.
[45] ibid. p. 24.
[46] ibid. p. 20.

minced nor scalloped!) to the Bateses, and goes without apple-tart all through the spring in consequence.[47]

The change in Emma begins when Mr Knightley remonstrates at her cruelty to Miss Bates on the Box Hill picnic. Her feelings combine "anger against herself, mortification, and deep concern."[48]

> Never had she felt so agitated in her life. She was most forcibly struck. The truth of his representation there was no denying. She felt it at her heart . . . Time did not compose her. As she reflected more she seemed but to feel it more . . . Emma felt the tears running down her cheeks almost all the way home, without being at any trouble to check them, extraordinary as they were."[49]

On the next page we read: "her conscience told her so;" "warmth of true contrition;" "penitence."

There is no mistaking how profound the change in Emma is. Though she has been prepared for it by all her experience—not least by her "long, very long" reflection on Mrs Elton's offences—when it comes, it does so suddenly, with a flood of feeling and the force of a revelation. We might be reminded of a similar transformation:

> Never came reformation in a flood,
> With such a heady currance, scouring faults.[50]

In the same way, "It darted through her with the speed of an arrow, that Mr Knightley must marry no one but herself."[51] "Her own conduct, as well as her own heart, was before her in the same few minutes. She saw it all with a clearness which had never blessed her before."[52]

Emma's last state, as we have seen, is "perfect happiness," and that is the significance we should attach to Mr Knightley's comment on Mr Weston's conundrum. (The answer is that M and A are the two letters that express perfection.) Mr Knightley says, '*Perfection* should not have come quite so soon."[53] It does come, but later, and we see the effect of the change when Emma visits the Bateses.[54] She can even abate her feelings towards Mrs Elton: 'Emma could have wished Mrs Elton elsewhere; but she was in a humour to have patience with everybody."[55]

[47] ibid. p. 239.
[48] ibid. pp. 375-376.
[49] ibid. p. 376.
[50] Shakespeare: *Henry V*, I, i, 33-34.
[51] R. W. Chapman, ed., *Emma*, p. 408.
[52] ibid. p. 408.
[53] ibid. p. 371.
[54] ibid. p. 378.
[55] ibid. p. 453.

Virtue consists, then, in "truth and sincerity" and in "universal good-will." But *Emma* demonstrates something more: neither part of this virtue can be truly itself without the other.

Mr John Knightley may be said to represent truth and sincerity, but they cannot be fully realized in him. Because he is lacking in goodwill, or loving-kindness, he makes that egregious mistake about the snow at the Westons' party. Mr Weston's quality is something like loving-kindness, but in him it can manifest itself in only a maimed form, as mere cheerfulness and sociability, because his allegiance to truth is most uncertain. Thus, though he believes it to have been "snowing some time," he says nothing. In sending Mr Knightley out to discover the truth and set Mr Woodhouse's fears at rest, Jane Austen demonstrates, in terms of her art, the great commonplace that virtue consists in a harmonious blending of truth and sincerity with goodwill and humanity, and it is Mr Knightley who, with his bride, stands four-square on this basis.

Everything this essay has attempted to show will be seen to support the pronouncement of Dr F. R. Leavis:

> when we examine the formal perfection of *Emma*, we find that it can be appreciated only in terms of the moral preoccupations that characterize the novelist's peculiar interest in life.[56]

[56] *The Great Tradition* (London, 1948), p. 8.

SHAKESPEARE'S CONCEPTION OF HONOUR

E. DAVIS

THAT a man may be unwise and often mistaken, yet completely a man and perfect in his manly honour, is one of the assumptions not only of the Elizabethan code of honour, but of the Greek and Roman codes, and of all ancient military codes, so far as I know. Schoolboy honour (the code current among boys and unadulterated by the inventions of novelists or headmasters) is a faithful reflection of these old codes. All of them make a contiguous loyalty (to the platoon, not to the regiment; to the soldier, not his officers; and to the fag, not his prefects) their fixed principle; so that nothing excuses the sneak, the informer, the coward, the miser, or the prig, while the braggart, the bully, the liar, and sometimes the thief (when his thefts are attended by risks and when his spoil is generously shared) find some kind of acceptance, even though the group itself may have been preyed on.

The conflict between codes of honour and larger principles of honest or ethical behaviour needs more laborious exploration than Plato, Kant or Keyserling found time to give it. Nor would such exploration be futile, for there is something vital in the conflict—something it is necessary for the world to grasp and live by, or, if we fail in our grasp, to perish by.

There has, for instance, been an almost incomprehensible shift, of late, from the code of the *gentilhomme* to that of the bureaucrat. Not long ago, you were a gentleman, or at least a manly man, if you were willing "greatly to find quarrel in a straw": still more so if you threw away your life, or took the life of another, on a mere punctilio.

Little of this code survives. The new codes sanction the State alone in offences against its members. They impose order by 'stamping out' whatever disturbs the bureaucrat's notion of social symmetry.

C. S. Lewis scored a signal triumph when he reminded the world (which had stopped reading books of chivalry) that knightly codes glorified the flouting of a certain sexual taboo. The somewhat naive literates of America were much stirred by this simple reminder, even though all who are familiar with the schoolboy code have

known, almost from infancy, what dishonour attaches to those who aid and abet conventional morality.

The schoolboy code is a conspiracy against Jovian disciplines. Its worst punishments are visited on those who betray budding Prometheans to their natural enemies. The righteous youth who "for the good of the school" informs against even the vilest of his peers, earns only contempt from the rest; and it is sometimes hard to say whether the martyr or the mob is in the right of it.

Shakespeare seldom leaves us in doubt. In *Richard III*, in *Coriolanus* and *Julius Caesar* the mob is gullible, incapable of reason, capable only of cowardly inaction or of equally contemptible action. The sequence of events, in various other plays, is determined through mobs pitted by the unscrupulous against nobler men who have forgotten the mob's mindlessness. The Shakespearian mob, in short, has no code of honour, though it may momentarily adopt whatever code is forcefully presented to it. It is a rabble, and Shakespeare makes no bones about his contempt for it; nor can anyone who has witnessed a large-scale riot, or widespread panic, safely credit mobs with more powers of discrimination than Shakespeare accords them.

A code of honour therefore is, in one of its aspects, both a safeguard against the rabble and an assurance that those who preserve the code remain above the rabble. Since it is also a conspiracy against larger conventions, it confers a double distinction on its adherents. And it confers other easy comforts: for instance, the knowledge that one has only to be loyal to one's code to retain the respect of those one most admires.

In *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest* and *Hamlet*, Shakespeare deals, among other things, with the conflict between such codes and absolute notions of right and wrong. In *Hamlet*, particularly, this conflict looms large. Hamlet's "dull revenge" torments him because he simply does not know whether to take it or not. Though he knows what course of action would bring him most immediate honour, he remains in the dark about which would be the most lastingly honourable. And so do we, for it is only according to the narrowest codes that the taking of a life atones for murder, while a larger code dishonours revenge itself.

In *Measure for Measure*, Isabella sets up one absolute of chastity, and Angelo another. The sinner, Claudius, comes into conflict with both, and so sets them both at loggerheads. Those who

claim that Isabella represents the only acceptable absolute, and dismiss Angelo as a hypocrite and Claudius as a dirty dog are, I think, exceeding the terms of reference which the play lays down. It is the conflict that makes the play—not its moral outcome (which outcome, by the way, lets Angelo off very lightly and gives Isabella no more, apparently, than her due). Could it be that Shakespeare was really contrasting life's inevitabilities, its excesses and unwisdoms, with the excesses and unwisdoms of pious codes?

In *A Winter's Tale* it is perhaps no accident that the most sympathetic character (not Perdita, but Autolycus) does good against his will and has no discernible moral sense. We have, too, in *Cymbeline*, an ironic contrast between the sense of honour nursed by that dangerous imbecile, Cloten, and the careless villainy of witty Iachimo. Rights and wrongs are so inextricably tangled here that there could be no other outcome than "Pardon's the word for all," a cry that has at least as much of irony in it as of universal benevolence.

The same ironic undertone and the same benevolence are in *The Tempest*. Prospero's renunciation of magic on returning to the humdrum and defenceless world reveals much more than that, in Jacobean times, sorcery was illegal. It is a true renunciation, not a mere civilian precaution, and it establishes Prospero as a gentleman—at least, in Shakespeare's code.

Inevitably, his code conflicts only with lesser ones, there being nothing larger in the moral world to oppose it. It allowed him to admire a Hotspur, love a Falstaff, and tolerate an Autolycus without in any way recommending them as patterns for emulation. Hotspur, dead, and slung across the honourless Falstaff's back is one of the most eloquent symbols in literature, yet to arrive at a full interpretation of it, it would be necessary to write another play, while anything short of its full interpretation must seem only a labouring of the obvious.

I find it necessary, however, to affirm, with the utmost seriousness, that neither the living Hotspur nor the dead one is anything but absurd, however pardonable or even admirable we may find him. He was immaculate in honour, and almost perfect in his folly—a paradox Shakespeare more than once returned to.

A world populated by Hotspurs would soon be at peace—if a shambles is peace; yet even such a world seems preferable to the chaos created by modern codes, according to which the only signal honour is survival. By those who regard it as axiomatic that

great men think as their age thinks, it will probably be assumed that Shakespeare's code of honour was at first identical with those of the cut-and-thrust Elizabethans, and later shifted to that of the have-at-you Jacobeans. The Dover-Wilson syllogism (*The Essential Shakespeare*, *passim*), which runs thus:

(i) Elizabethan thought was riddled with rustic superstitions.

(ii) Shakespeare was an Elizabethan.

(iii) Therefore . . .

could not be more patently fallacious than in the attempt to predicate the term 'honour' here. It is no small part of Shakespeare's greatness that his conception of human honour is at once the least censorious and at the same time the most searching that any writer, religiously-minded or not, has to offer.

THE POETRY OF WALT WHITMAN

JOHN R. DOYLE Jr.

THERE is no such thing as a final and fixed evaluation in the criticism of literature. Each age must decide what is important to it. No age since Shakespeare wrote his plays has evaluated them exactly as his own age. But the stubborn fact remains that a poet was able to create through the use of language that which each age felt it had to re-examine, study, decide how it felt about. Each age has had to re-examine the "that". But what is the "that," and how is it to be isolated?

A twentieth-century American poet has written of one of his fellow poets:

> The utmost of ambition is to lodge a few poems where they will be hard to get rid of, to lodge a few irreducible bits where [this poet] has lodged more than his share.

But how does a poet lodge a poem where it will be hard to get rid of ? What is the peculiar quality, the "thing" that will make it last? One answer is to say that perhaps the surest way to lodge poems where they will be hard to get rid of is to write in human terms, but not forget that poetry is an art.

This consideration is peculiarly applicable to the work of Walt Whitman. When the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* appeared on 4 July, 1855, there was a violent disagreement among readers as to the value of the work, indeed as to what was the nature of the work being read. Though not quite so violent, this contention persists to-day. The studies of Whitman are sharply divided in point of view and startlingly numerous. Since the publication of the first Whitman biography in 1867, no less than fifty have come from the press. In introducing his recent critical biography, Gay Wilson Allen claims that his work is justified (in spite of all who have preceded him), because the demands from scholars and critics indicate that the existing studies have not solved all the significant questions.

Something of the violent disagreement between those who took it upon themselves to consider Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* can be seen from the following excerpts. First a group of favourable comments:

> I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. (Ralph Waldo Emerson)
>
> [*Leaves of Grass*] has been not inaptly called the bible of democracy. (John Burroughs)
>
> Whitman was a new force let loose on the old earth. (Horace Traubel)
>
> Ahead of all poets, pioneering into the wilderness of unopened life . . . (D. H. Lawrence)
>
> Sometimes all that was memorable was a line, but the line was pregnant as few single lines ever were . . . (Mary Colum)
>
> Whitman is a classic . . . (George Bernard Shaw)
>
> Walt Whitman is destined to become . . . a legend in American history . . . (Henry Seidel Canby)

Now a group of unfavourable comments:

> What Centaur have we here, half man, half beast, neighing defiance to the world? What conglomerate of thought is this before us, with insolence, philosophy, blasphemy, beauty, and gross indecency tumbling in drunken confusion through the pages? Who is this arrogant young man who proclaims himself the Poet of the time, and who roots like a pig among a rotten garbage of licentious thoughts? (*New York Times*, 1856)
>
> Walt Whitman gives us slang in the place of melody, and rowdyism in the place of regularity . . . Walt Whitman libels the highest type of humanity, and calls his free speech the true utterance of a man; we, who may have been misdirected by civilization, call it the expression of a beast. (*The London Critic*, 1856)
>
> Walt Whitman, is one of the deities to whom the degenerate and hysterical of both hemispheres have for some time been raising altars . . . For his fame, he has to thank those bestially sensual pieces which first drew to him the attention of all the pruriency of America. He is morally insane, and incapable of distinguishing between good and evil, virtue and crime. (Max Nordau, 1893)

It is clear that much of the early criticism of Whitman was composed of vast generalizations, whether the author wished to approve or disapprove. The only point of agreement, though any agreement was unintentional, was that a writer had given something to the world which had to be considered, even if only because it was

dangerous. The significant point is that this "something" was not mildly dangerous, but exceedingly dangerous. To-day the conflict has moved to two new areas: the technical problems of the material and the value of the different poems considered worthy of praise.

Whitman's methods of versification do not need extensive discussion. For the most part he, who thought he was being influenced by Italian opera, constructed his poems on the basis of a rather free melodic line, and the use of many of the devices normally associated with music, especially the music of the opera. At first this would appear to provide a very rich medium with great range, but actually when such a system is employed in connection with words, it quickly becomes rigid and consequently monotonous—except for the possibilities inherent in the melodic line. When Whitman's melodic genius is operating *and* when his image-forming faculties are functioning, the result is splendid. When his theories are too much in evidence the other virtues usually disappear. On these occasions the resulting material is bad almost beyond description; in fact, it is so bad that if read in the proper tone it becomes a kind of inverted comedy. I wish to offer a few examples of the "bad" Whitman, not with a negative but with an affirmative aim. First, here is part of one of nine sections of *Song of the Exposition:*

> Behold, America! (and thou ineffable guest and sister!)
> For thee come trooping up thy waters and thy lands;
> Behold! thy fields and farms, thy far-off woods and mountains
> As in procession coming.
>
> Behold, the sea itself,
> And on its limitless, heaving breast, the ships;
> See, where their white sails, bellying in the wind,
> speckle the green and blue,
> See, the steamers coming and going, steaming in or out
> of port,
> See, dusky and undulating, the long pennants of smoke.
>
> . . .
>
> Mark, thy interminable farms, North, South,
> Thy wealthy daughter-states, Eastern and Western,
> The varied products of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Missouri,
> Georgia, Texas, and the rest,

Thy limitless crops, grass, wheat, sugar, oil, corn,
rice, hemp, hops,
Thy barns are fill'd, the endless freight-train and
bulging storehouse,
The grapes that ripen on thy vines, the apples in thy orchards
Thy incalculable lumber, beef, pork, potatoes, thy coal,
thy gold and silver,
The inexhaustible iron in thy mines.

All thine, O sacred Union!
Ships, farms, shops, barns, factories, mines,
City and state, North, South, item and aggregate,
We dedicate, dread Mother, all to thee!

The material here is still raw material—no really significant form has been imposed. No insights have been offered. All is catalogue. All is affirmation. In truth, things are left where the poet found them. It will be observed that the affirmations are not in terms of the vast quantities of material so laboriously presented but in terms of vision.

In short poems, the approach is not changed, as the following six-line poem will show. The title is *America.*

Center of equal daughters, equal sons,
All, all alike endear'd, grown, ungrown, young or old,
Strong, ample, fair, enduring, capable, rich,
Perennial with Earth, with Freedom, Law and Love,
A grand, sane, towering, seated Mother,
Chair'd in the adamant of Time.

Here the "center" of the poem could have been longer or shorter or different and the remainder would have been unaffected because, to begin with, there is no genuine structure.

Now may I hasten to place beside these passages others from a poet who seems to live in a poetic world far away from the one I have just exhibited:

The orchestra whirls me wider than Uranus flies,
It wrenches such ardors from me I did not know I possess'd
them,
It sails me, I dab with bare feet, they are lick'd by the
indolent waves,
I am cut by bitter and angry hail, I lose my breath,

Again,

The pure contralto sings in the organ loft,

The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane
whistles its wild ascending lisp,
. . .
The pilot seizes the king-pin, he heaves down with a strong
arm,
The mate stands braced in the whale-boat, lance and
harpoon are ready,
The duck-shooter walks by silent and cautious stretches,

Concerning the materials read, it seems more than fair to say that the longer one lingers with the first examples the less one sees and, conversely, the longer one lingers with the second examples the more one sees. This claim can be made even in the absence of context, which in poetry is crucially important.

I shall, therefore, now turn to whole poems to see what Whitman could achieve. *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* is a poem upon a specific occasion; *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, a personal poem concerned with the source of the creative inspiration; and *Song of Myself*, a poem tackling the vast problem of the human identity in relation to the sum total of the surrounding universe, with, of course, its own identity and identities. Taken together these poems cover perhaps the best years of Whitman's writing life.

The event which inspired the writing of *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* was the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. The President was shot on 14 April, 1865, while attending a performance at Ford's Theatre, in Washington. This was Good Friday. Lincoln died on Saturday morning. Whitman had left Washington for his home in Brooklyn. When the news came of the President's death, he at once returned to Washington for the state funeral on Wednesday.

Two of the structural symbols of *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* were given to Whitman rather than sought out. The bird symbol he had already developed quite fully in *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, but the star and the lilac came at the period of Lincoln's death. The symbol of the star had preceded the event. G. W. Allen says that:

> The sight of the unusually brilliant evening star, which appeared to hang suspended for several nights in March gave the poet, at the actual time of observation, a sense of

> receiving some esoteric message, perhaps some supernatural omen of good fortune for the nation . . ." [1]

Actually, what Whitman was hoping for at the time was the end of the war. The imprisonment of his brother George had been much on his mind. It was George's unexpected release, and the news that he was already at home with his family, that hurried Whitman to Brooklyn. This, then, was the event foretold by the star. In the midst of joy and this interpretation came the news of Lincoln's death. The star symbol was suddenly reversed. Upon his return to Washington, where the season was much more advanced than in Brooklyn, he found a city flooded with lilac. The press accounts of Lincoln's funeral commented upon the profusion of lilacs that banked the coffin. Whitman has himself remarked upon the situation. He wrote:

> I remember . . . there were many lilacs in full bloom . . . I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of that day by the sight and odor of these blossoms. It never fails. [2]

Thus, probably before he knew it himself, the poem was forming in his mind. Soon the full plan lay before him, and the poem was not only written but published a few months later. The completed poem as we now have it, contains two hundred and six lines; I shall quote enough at the beginning to introduce the lilacs, the star, and the bird:

> When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
> And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
> I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.
>
> Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
> Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
> And thought of him I love.
>
> O powerful western fallen star!
> O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
> O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!

[1] Gay Wilson Allen, *The Solitary Singer, a Critical Biography of Walt Whitman* (New York, 1955), p. 354.
[2] ibid., p. 355.

O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless
soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.
. . .

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

Now the coffin begins its long ceremonial journey. It perhaps hould be noted that Lincoln's name is never mentioned, nor the ortège's specific destination, other than the fact that the coffin ravels towards the grave, through many states, where along the vay tribute is offered. It is at the conclusion of this section that he speaker of the poem pays his respects to the dead:

Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

Throughout the centre of the poem there is a conflict between bird nd lilac. The man hears the bird, and tells the bird to sing on, o continue its "Loud human song," but he admits that "the lilac vith mastering odor holds" him. However, at the end of the next ection, he moves towards an attempt to understand death:

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding
the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding, receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in
the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.
. . .

And the charm of the carol rapt me
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Now the bird sings its carol of death, beginning:

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

To the one submerged in grief, the bird carols the inevitability of death. The need to be reminded of this is as old as man; for when death comes to one beloved, in those left there is always a conflict between what the mind says and what the heart feels. Yet the bird exerts a profound influence upon the man, and so in the last section he can say,

Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

The speaker has now accepted the fact that death is inevitable for every individual, and therefore for Lincoln. The poem ends with "Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul."

The star symbol and the lilac symbol already had been developed in *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*. This poem is certainly of great importance in a study of Whitman. In time it falls between *Song of Myself* and *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd*. The poem shows Whitman doing certain things as perfectly as he was ever to do them. Most important of all is the development of the bird symbol, both for its meaning here and also for its later use. This is also a point at which to study the early attacks upon Whitman, in relation to a poem which has persisted in interesting readers for a century.

Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking was originally published on the front page of the *Saturday Press*, 27 December, 1859. This was a special Christmas number of the paper, and on the editorial page notice was given to the poem, which was in this first appearance called *A Child's Reminiscence*. Immediately a fierce attack was made upon the poem in the Cincinnati *Daily Commercial*, which claimed that a reader could find in the poem no meaning whatsoever. I am sure that for the "Gentleman from Cincinnati"

here was no meaning. His error lay in the assumption that he vas the world.

The first title of the poem gives the reader a clue as to where e should start his investigation—with the story of the child watch- ng the mocking-birds from Alabama, who built a nest near his ome. As such, this is no more than a memory of something vhich happened in childhood. Whether or not this is an actual nemory or an imaginative projection is really of little significance n the reading of the poem. I raise the point at all, because the iographers have been so assiduous in their attempts to discover biographical experience as a basis for the poem. It seems much nore important to move on to Whitman's second title for the oem, as an additional clue to his intentions. The second title vas *A Word Out of the Sea*. Like the bird, the sea has something o say to the protagonist of the poem. Yet even more significant or interpretative purposes is the use in the title of "Word". This s a poem about the origins of poetry. Whitman here, like Words- vorth in *The Prelude*, seeks his poetic source in the natural world —his experience with the birds and his experience with the sea, nd the linking of bird and sea.

The poem may be outlined as follows: during the spring a child vatched two mocking birds build a nest in some briers beside the eashore. While the eggs were being hatched, the birds sang to ach other. One day the child missed the she-bird from the nest. He listened to the he-bird calling for the lost mate. Throughout he spring and summer he listened to this searching call. The boy, or the man now looking back, felt a bond between himself and is "brother" the bird, and he retains the song in the memory. t should be noted that the bird had not sung only of the mate, out of the sea, of the encroachment of the sea upon the land; nd also of night he had sung. The mate never returns, and thus nust end the story of the birds. Yet not for man, because he hrough the years considers the *meaning* of the event and the song. n the process, he merges with the bird and becomes the singer:

> Demon or bird! (said the boy's soul,)
> Is it indeed toward your mate you sing? or is it really to me?
> For I, that was a child, my tongue's use sleeping, now I
> have heard you, . . .
>
> O you singer solitary, singing by yourself, projecting me,

O solitary me listening, never more shall I cease
perpetuating you.

Now determined upon a poetic career, the man says, "if I am to have so much, let me have more!" What he is demanding is the ultimate word, the meaning of all. The answer now does not come from the bird, but from the sea, and the word which the sea gives is "Death."

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanock's gray beach . . .

The fusion of the song of the bird with the voice of the sea would seem to be an attempt on Whitman's part to secure his larger meaning, moving from a song of personal loss and grief to a vast and pervasive voice which can offer a universal observation, much as the surrounding sea in Eliot's *Dry Salvages*. The word from the sea points to the meaning of death, as a merging of the individual and temporal into the universal and eternal.

Whitman has here displayed at his best certain aspects of his writing. As evidence I wish to offer some lines from the beginning of the poem and a few lines of the birds' song:

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond where the child leaving his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briers and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I heard
. . .
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
. . .
A reminiscence sing.
. . .

Shine! Shine! Shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together,

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

* * *

One of Whitman's most significant poems is *Song of Myself*, a work made up of fifty-two sections or poems. A thorough mastery of the whole is somewhat rare. But everyone remembers the first few lines:

I celebrate myself, and sing myself . . .
I loafe and invite my soul,
I learn and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

Also the initial lines of Section 6:

A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.

A number of passages such as this from Section 21 are remembered:

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me, . . .

Many have noticed the first line of Section 44 and have held it against Whitman:

It is time to explain myself—let us stand up.

Nor have these lines from Section 51 been missed:

Do I contradict myself?
Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes.)

Perhaps the best known of all lines is the second of these two, quoted from the final section of the poem:

I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

These passages seem to offer almost complete support for the claim that Walt Whitman possessed the world's colossal ego. The trouble with the point of view is that it ignores ninety-five per cent of the poem. When in the beginning of the poem, he wrote,

I celebrate myself, and sing myself,

he added:

And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

The first line can in isolation be interpreted to mean "I will impose my thoughts upon you." Yet in relation to the next line, it can be seen clearly to be a linking of self with other selves. This is not an explanation of the poem, far from it, but it *is* the point at which we can enter and begin a study of what might be there.

What might be there can carry us on a long journey. At first the poem was considered as formless or held together by no more than a projection of the Whitman ego. Then it was felt to be loosely organized and held together only by the Whitman "drive." A further approach was to select fine sections and consider the remainder unimportant. During the past twenty years there has developed a tendency to find in the poem a conscious structure. Twenty years of search ended several years ago when James E. Miller, Jr., of the University of Nebraska, published his analysis of the poem as an example of "inverted mystical experience." [3] According to Miller's scheme, the poem would be divided into seven sections.

I Section 1- 5: Entry into Mystical State.
II Section 6-16: Awakening of Self.
III Section 17-32: Purification of Self.
IV Section 33-37: Illumination and the Dark Night of the Soul.
V Section 38-43: Union (Faith and Love).
VI Section 44-49: Union (Perception).
VII Section 50-52: Emergence from the Mystical State.

[3] *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America* (Vol. LXX, No. 4, pt. 1), September, 1955, p. 637.

I do not believe there are many people ready to accept Miller's thesis, but many minds are now at work on what appears to be so near the centre of Whitman's poetic life. One interesting attitude which is beginning to appear is that in structural method Whitman's poem is much the same as that of *The Waste Land.* This observation will account for the long failure to grasp the method used by Whitman. Only after readers had learned from Eliot were they able to return to Whitman and see what he was doing. He had preceded Eliot by almost three-quarters of a century, and he was simply too far ahead of his generation to expect understanding. There is probably no reason to feel that Eliot was influenced by Whitman; much more likely is the theory that both poems come from a common source, probably the *Bhagavad Gita.*

The most important fact, it seems to be, which emerges from the present attention being given *Song of Myself* is the feeling that Whitman's great concern was with the human identity, This poem is not only crucial in a study of Whitman, but also in a study of modern literature.

Whitman has, indeed, lodged a few poems where we have found it hard to get rid of them. Often he forgot that poetry is an art, and thus at times wrote what should have been dropped quietly into the trash basket. Upon some occasions he failed to write in human terms (though that seems to be what he thought he was doing, when he was in the merciless grip of an ideology). Fortunately, there were occasions when he composed in human terms as well as in terms of an art. Those poems we do not wish to forget.

"QUAINTNESS" IN PAULINE SMITH: OBSERVATIONS ON HER STYLE AND DIALOGUE

CHARLES EGLINGTON

I

IN 1956 I had occasion, in my capacity as a journalist, to interest myself in the republication, for the first time in 27 years, and in an edition limited to 1,500 copies, of Pauline Smith's novel *The Beadle*. I decided to try to find out why this fine, and in some ways remarkable, novel had been so long out of print; why it had been very much less esteemed by critics, as well as by the general public in South Africa, than the stories in *The Little Karoo*.

Even in England, where *The Beadle* was treated with more respect and enthusiasm than in the Union, it did not have the same success as the short stories. *The Little Karoo* was reprinted eight times between 1925, when it first appeared, and 1955; *The Beadle*, first published in 1926, was reprinted three times between then and 1929; after which it gradually became almost entirely forgotten, until in 1956 an enterprising publisher in Cape Town reissued it in the limited edition. Even now, it cannot be said that there has been any great revival of interest in *The Beadle*, while *The Little Karoo* continues to be in demand.

Yet, it seems to me, Arnold Bennett was right when he said of Pauline Smith, in his introduction to *The Little Karoo:* "She is a novelist . . . She hasn't written any [novels] yet . . . but she will;" implying that he had discerned in *The Little Karoo*, not so much a number of excellent short stories, as a series of related incidents which their author had the vision, power and grasp of character to have turned into a novel, had it occurred to her to do so. I think his belief was justified, for *The Beadle* allowed Pauline Smith to give full scope to powers that were implicit in most of the stories, but which in others appeared to be restricted.

Why then, was the novel never recognized as a remarkable development in the writer of the short stories? An investigation of this kind, done thoroughly, must take a great many diverse factors into consideration. In the end, such discoveries as I was able to make amounted to little.

In the process I did at least discover one thing that seemed to me at the time, and still seems to me, worth dwelling upon. I discovered, from university students who studied *The Little Karoo* as part of their English course, as well as from other readers who had read the novel in addition to the short stories, that nearly all of them had been struck by something "quaint" in Pauline Smith's style.

What was quaint about it? The answers amounted almost invariably to this: "Her English is a bit unusual." Or, "She seems to have tried to reproduce the flavour of Afrikaans in her English." Or, "Her style is very old-fashioned and Biblical." So far as I could gather the "quaintness" was generally less apparent to Afrikaans-speaking readers than to English-speaking readers; although readers in both groups discerned "something Afrikaans" in Pauline Smith's writing.

I soon became reasonably sure of where they considered this "quaintness" to be. But to determine more specifically, I asked a number of them to study four excerpts from the stories and the novel, and to put their fingers on what they thought was quaint.

These were the four excerpts:

(A) Through the long, hot days, still, moonlit nights that followed, the loneliness of the old people, and for Juriaan the sense of a God withdrawn, steadily increased. The ways of the hospital, the order and routine necessary for the running of it, remained to the end incomprehensible to them both. For fifty years on their mountain-side in the Aangenaam Valley life had been for them as simple as were their daily needs, as humble as were their hearts. In this new and bewildering world the kindness of the English doctor, of the matron, and of the nurse reached them only as the kindness of human beings reaches the suffering of dumb animals. On neither side was there, nor could there be, complete understanding. The doctor and the matron might know all that was to be known about the pain in Deltje's side. About the pain in her heart and in Juriaan's they knew nothing. And from the inquisitiveness of the other patients in the ward the little old woman shrank with a gentle timidity that increased her isolation.

(B) It was in the kitchen that on this particular day Andrina's services were needed at the homestead. The kitchen was a

big sunny room with a fire place resembling a low raised platform taking up one entire side of it. At one end of this platform was the door of the great brick oven, built out into the yard. At the other was a small modern stove. The stove was seldom used and most of the cooking was done in three-legged pots and pans over an open fire in the centre of the platform. The fire was lighted always between two large stones set at some distance apart, and across which, to support a big black kettle, rested the flattened-out iron rims of two old wagon wheels. In a corner, close to the oven door, stood a long wooden oven-shovel.

(C) "I will not plant my lands. If I plant me now my lands surely by the time it comes for me to dig my potatoes and gather me my mealies I shall be dead of this cough that I have from the dust in the mill. And so surely as I am dead, the day that I am buried they will drive you out of this house in the rocks and to the man that comes after me they will give my potatoes and mealies. So I will not plant my lands. God help you, Mintje, when I am dead and they drive our children and you out in the veld the day that I am buried, but I will not plant my lands for the man that comes after me."

(D) "Jan Beyers," she said, plunging at once, with cheerful decision, into the young man's affairs: "Look now! It was a mistake that I made when I gave you the name of Andrina du Toit for your wife. It is Betje Ferreira that you must marry. Give me your letter and I will now change the name from Andrina to Betje."

"No, what, Juffrouw," said the young man miserably, producing his letter but not giving it up, "Andrina's and not Betje's is the name that I will keep for my letter. That is how it is with me now!"

"Jan Beyers," cried Tan' Linda in alarm, "what mean you?"

"No, what, Juffrouw! Did not you yourself first choose Andrina for me? Why now must I marry Betje?"

"Jan Beyers, when first I chose Andrina for you you would not hear her name! Why now will you hear no other?"

"No, what," confided the young man in his misery. "See

how it is! So soon as Andrina said that she would not take my letter, then I knew it was she and not Betje Ferreira or Toontje van Niekerk that I wished to marry. And three whole hours has it been so with me now. It was for this that I came to you. To ask you to speak with Andrina for me."

None of the persons asked could point to anything really "quaint" in passage (A); and they admitted that passage (B) was good, effective prose. But in both passages (C) and (D) they found the English "quaint", because in them Pauline Smith had "translated Afrikaans literally into English." None of them thought it worthwhile to mention in what important respects the four passages differed one from the other. Yet the differences are fairly obvious.

From an examination of the passages one can learn a good deal about Pauline Smith's prose style and the devices she uses in her dialogue. It is on the basis of these excerpts that I would like to make some observations about these two aspects of her writing.

* * *

Excerpt (A) is from her celebrated short story, *The Pain*, in which the author is conveying to the reader something about the feelings and state of mind of two simple, primitive old people from the Aangenaam Valley: a sick woman and her husband, who has taken her for treatment to a hospital in a Karoo town.

Excerpt (B) is a straightforward description of the kitchen in a homestead in the Aangenaam Valley, and is from *The Beadle*.

Excerpt (C) is from a story in *The Little Karoo* called 'The Miller': the miller, Andries Lombard, is complaining bitterly to his wife.

Passage (D), from *The Beadle*, is part of a conversation between Tan' Linda, the meddlesome Aangenaam Valley matchmaker, and Jan Beyers, who has suddenly decided that he would rather marry Andrina, the novel's tragic heroine, than any of the other girls previously recommended to him by Tan' Linda.

There is, of course, nothing quaint to be found in the first two passages for a very obvious reason: they are passages of narrative and descriptive prose. It is only a curious illusion in many readers that there is something quaint about Pauline Smith's prose style. The diction of the last two passages *is* un-English, however, and has an Afrikaans tone; this is quite deliberate on the part of the author, who wishes the reader to know that the characters in both

cases are Afrikaners, speaking their own language in their own particular way.

The probable reason why the readers I questioned did not notice the difference between the four passages, even to the extent of distinguishing between dialogue and ordinary prose, is that Pauline Smith's Afrikaans-into-English dialogue leaves an echo in the mind—an echo which tends to condition the memory of readers and leave them with the impression that the diction in the dialogue is to some extent characteristic of her prose in general. This erroneous impression may be attributed to inattention, lack of a selective memory, or a poor inner ear, in the reader; but I am inclined to believe that the illusion, curious as it may seem, is both more complex and significant than that. I think it is attributable not so much to any lack in the reader, as to qualities in Pauline Smith's writing which are entirely to her credit.

The diction used in her dialogue, where Afrikaans characters are involved, performs a specific function; her prose style has not only one, but several, attributes. The best way to define the function of the dialogue, and the various attributes of her prose style, is to particularize the important differences in the four excerpts quoted.

* * *

In passage (A) the author is trying to induce the reader to identify himself as closely as possible with the condition and state of mind of the characters: a bewildered old couple, in utterly alien, incomprehensible surroundings, faced by an exigency all the more distressing because they do not understand it. The writing in this passage is subjective; it contains a number of latent suggestions intended to work on the imagination of the reader. The prose moves at a slow, almost stumbling, pace; its simplicity is the simplicity of the old people themselves, numb and almost stupid with too many new, bewildering experiences.

Similar examples could be found in Pauline Smith's work to show that her so-called Biblical simplicity is not paucity of feeling or expression; that it is not a false, affected or inept simplicity. The pace, pitch and tone of her subjective writing varies according to the nature of the latent suggestions it carries.

Quite different in pace, pitch and tone is passage (B). Here the author is making no attempt to condition the reader's response. She aims simply at describing a certain kitchen: she keeps the

scene steadily before her mind's eye and sets it down before the reader in clear, careful language. She evokes a picture which she keeps as plain and as sharply-focussed as possible, so that the reader will remember it. Later this particular description will fall into place beside other equally objective descriptions, to form a complex of images constituting the setting against which the story is told.

Again, other examples could be chosen to show how sensitively and carefully Pauline Smith's prose is composed, in accordance with the demands of the purpose to be achieved.

She is not a remarkable prose stylist, in the sense that her style is a conspicuous expression of her personality. As narrator and commentator, she keeps her personality as much out of the picture as possible. Indeed, her austere suppression of her own personality often imparts to her prose a certain drabness. But, in general, her curious distinction as a writer lies in her not obtruding much on the reader's attention; in her interposing nothing between the reader and her writing. Even her subjectivity is subdued; when she is not describing objectively, the suggestions latent in her prose are made to work on the reader's attention, more by means of emotive diction, than by a calculated selection of images and metaphors. Thus her emotive writing very often does reflect the salient characteristics of the people or the events she is concerned with. This may have a good deal to do with the illusion of "quaintness" which some readers have about her writing. But that illusion is created principally by her Afrikaans-into-English dialogue.

* * *

In passage (C) Pauline Smith is bringing the reader as close as she knows how to the feelings, mental process and power of expression of a simple, bitter, stubborn and defiant man. This monologue gives a necessary clue to the character of the miller, and to the tragic predicament in which he finds himself. All this is implicit in the diction, in the pace and cadence of the prose; and in the disrupted syntax. Could formal English have been so effective? This is a matter to which I shall have to return a little later.

In passage (D) the object to be achieved is altogether different; and, accordingly, the use of Afrikaans-into-English is quite different. This is a comic scene, about which there is nothing gratuitous. Its purpose is manifold. Two characters are depicted: Tan'

Linda, the matchmaker, is important to the story; Jan Beyers is relatively unimportant. But in this amusing scene both Tan' Linda and Beyers are sharply and firmly fixed in their relation to Andrina, the heroine of the novel. Beyers is trying, with Tan' Linda's help, to win the hand of Andrina in marriage, because he has been told that she will bring him a dowry of cattle. His motives are entirely selfish and, through them, he becomes an agent of the bitter Aalst Volkman, the beadle, whose twisted mind and tortured emotions are such powerful influences on Andrina's fate. Tan' Linda, however, has other plans for Andrina: she is busy furthering the affair between Andrina and the stranger to the Aangenaam Valley, the Englishman: an affair which turns out so fatally.

Here the Afrikaans-into-English dialogue is given a comic lightness—light in an appropriately bucolic way. The reader will remember this absurd scene because, later, the comedy will turn out to have had tragic undertones. Tan' Linda's gabby meddlesomeness, although kindly intended, and Jan Beyer's oafish designs —so well depicted in their speech—play a considerable part in the development of the story, both directly and indirectly. This particular conversation is, in fact, a good example not only of how Pauline Smith uses dialogue to delineate character and, with great economy, to carry the narrative along; but also of how subtly she can invest seemingly insignificant dialogue with an import that gradually becomes apparent.

A comparison of these two passages (and any number of other passages could be compared as effectively) shows that Pauline Smith's Afrikaans-into-English device is not simply a formula to provide 'local colour,' or to indicate that the people she is writing about are strange primitives. She does not resort to the shallow expedient of literal, or quasi-literal, translation: an expedient which, at best, becomes mechanical and incapable of conveying a rich range of differences between one character and another, and, at worst, degenerates into the kind of caricature language one sometimes comes across in bad books, or encounters in jokes or burlesques. Occasionally she does translate a phrase or expression literally—e.g. "Look, now," "No, what;" and these are quite effective in an unimportant way. But almost invariably her Afrikaans-into-English dialogue is done with poetic precision and sensitivity; in her hands the device does not become monotonous or mechanical; her characters—although, as it were, all speaking in the same literary lingo—do not *sound* alike. Although a com-

parison between several passages of dialogue, spoken by different characters, will often show that the words and expressions used are very much alike, and the syntactical peculiarities almost identical, the various speakers do not become confused with each other in the reader's mind.

* * *

I have not been able to discover how well Pauline Smith actually knew Afrikaans—the Afrikaans spoken by simple, remote and isolated country people towards the end of the last century*; but it is abundantly apparent that she understood them perfectly, had a particularly sensitive ear for the cadences of their speech and their manner of expressing themselves, and that she was very alive to the idiosyncratic nuances of speech, which reveal, rather than conceal, character.

Her most vivid and lasting impressions of the people of her Aangenaam Valley were gathered in childhood, by the time she went to England at the age of twelve. It is definitely known that she returned to South Africa a number of times subsequently, before she began to write the stories and the novel; and during these visits she must undoubtedly have refreshed her impressions. But it is unlikely that, as an adult, she learned anything more of significance about the language the people of her valley spoke.

For the Afrikaans, as we find it in the dialogue, is a language that has been transfused from reality, created by a remarkable imagination. In her narrative and descriptive prose, as I have suggested, she shows that she had observed the lives of the people of the Aangenaam Valley with an objectivity that is almost dispassionate. She looked at people and events with a clear, steady, unsentimental gaze. The precision of her observations has often been called austere, and it is austere in its purity. She never allows compassion or antipathy to cloud her vision; her judgment of her characters, their circumstances and their motives, is never blurred by delusions. But, of course, her understanding and compassion are conveyed clearly enough, by the latent suggestions contained in her prose, and by the dialogue.

* * *

* Very little seems to be known about Pauline Smith's childhood in South Africa. It is even difficult to determine, from the confused and often contradictory newspaper cuttings which appear to be the only source of information, how often and for what lengths of time she returned to the Union, after leaving the country at the age of 12 to be educated in England.

The question whether a novelist should try to indicate in his English dialogue that the characters are really talking another language, has been vexed by a good many irrelevant considerations. It must in the long run remain a matter of individual opinion. Some readers are genuinely irritated by foreign-sounding dialogue and feel that it is seldom, if ever, justified. All that can be said is that, if such dialogue is clumsily handled by a writer whose ear is not true, it is dreadful, and certainly has nothing to recommend it.

Is Pauline Smith's Afrikaans-into-English dialogue justified? Could she have achieved the same object if she had written it in ordinary English?

My own feeling is that her device is entirely justified; not only because her dialogue is consistently written with tact, sensitivity and profoundly poetic precision; but because in it she has created a language which fits the characters as naturally as their own skins. I do not think that she could have made ordinary English do as well, she needed to create for her characters a language that could convey clearly the singularity of their lives, of their outlook on life, and of their time and place. She created such a language, not by a formal statement of their thoughts, feelings and beliefs, but by means of a diction which remained imaginatively close to their manner of expression. Formal English could not have conveyed so accurately or so poetically the individuality of the people of the Aangenaam Valley.

MORAL JUDGMENTS IN *THE SECRET AGENT*

D. R. C. MARSH

IT is interesting that in the Author's Note to the 1920 edition of *The Secret Agent* Joseph Conrad felt it necessary to offer an explanation, almost a justification, for writing the book. After some discussion of how the story suggested itself to him, he concludes by saying:

> that in telling Winnie Verloc's story to its anarchistic end of utter desolation, madness and despair, and telling it as I have told it here, I have not intended to commit a gratuitous outrage on the feelings of mankind.

This is itself interesting for two reasons, for not only does it firmly claim a moral purpose for the book, but it also directs the reader's attention to Winnie Verloc. It is her story, she is the centre of interest, and therefore she deserves the closest attention. Yet even more interesting, when taken in conjunction with this, is a statement which Conrad makes earlier in his note, a statement which appears at first to have little direct bearing on the work itself, for it is a justification of his justification:

> . . . the world generally is not interested in the motives of any overt act but in its consequences. Man may smile and smile, but he is not an investigating animal. He loves the obvious. He shrinks from explanations. Yet I will go on with mine.

This, it seems, is the real justification that Conrad offers for writing the book. This shrinking from explanations, this refusal to recognize motives, not only provides the main theme of *The Secret Agent*, but also, as Conrad seemed to recognize, is the factor which most interferes with the reader's understanding of, and response to, the book. In choosing for his sub-title *A Simple Tale*, Conrad is indulging in a fairly obvious irony at the reader's expense. Disentangled from its oblique presentation, it is the simple tale of an action and its consequences, but there is nothing simple about the moral judgments that the reader is required to make if he is to respond fully to the book. The motives of each character, underlying each action, are laid bare and presented to the reader so

firmly that, almost in spite of himself, he must become "an investigating animal."

I have said that Conrad claims a moral purpose. It is a claim which is fully justified; there are few other works in which a moral purpose is so firmly and obviously in control, shaping and organizing every detail, until the whole takes on a degree of organization that can almost be called poetic. When this sort of organization is recognized, the apparently disjointed presentation of the story is no longer an annoyance, or even merely a device to heighten the suspense, although of course it does that too. It becomes a means whereby the reader is forced to an understanding, often painful, of the motives underlying the action. It also allows Conrad to achieve what I can only call (borrowing his own phrase from the introduction to *Heart of Darkness*) a sort of resonance, in which apparently casual details take on a heightened significance as the work unfolds. To quote one obvious example, the horror and the justice of Mr Verloc's end, when his wife, realizing that he has caused the death of her half-witted brother Stevie, stabs him with the carving-knife, is heightened by the reader's memory of Stevie brandishing the same carving-knife in his frenzied desire to put an end to all the cruelty and injustice of the world—by more cruelty.

Conrad's story is about anarchists, and this too is ironically appropriate, for his purpose is to expose the real, as opposed to the apparent, force of anarchy. The real danger comes not from the declared anarchists, who are a poor lot, but from the principle of anarchy inherent in all mankind, the self-centredness of man. Almost every word of the book stresses this theme. Physical detail is used to construct and confine. There are no open spaces, rooms are small and oppressive, streets seem to close in, and the whole great city seems to be made up of separate compartments. The individuals too are isolated, each existing within the prison of his own desires and beliefs. They talk to one another, but they do not communicate; their lives intersect, like Stevie's "coruscating whirl of circles that by their tangled multitude of repeated curves, uniformity of form, and confusion of intersecting lines suggested a rendering of cosmic chaos."[1]

To deal first with Mr Verloc's collection of revolutionaries: the one characteristic they all share is an overriding preoccupation with self; apart from that, not a single one can accurately be called

[1] *The Secret Agent* (London, 1947), p. 45.

n anarchist. Verloc himself is a police informer, as well as a asser of information on anarchist activities to the embassy of a oreign power, and an *agent provocateur*. Michaelis, the monsrously fat ex-convict, does nothing except talk and profess a sort f economic determinism. Ossipon makes a living by writing rude revolutionary propaganda, and has no desire to do anything nore violent than that. As for Karl Yundt, the "noted terrorist," e:

> had never in his life raised personally so much as his little finger against the social edifice. He was no man of action; he was not even an orator of torrential eloquence sweeping the masses along in the rushing noise and foam of a great enthusiasm. With a more subtle intention, he took the part of an insolent and venomous evoker of sinister impulses which lurk in the blind envy and exasperated vanity of ignorance, in the suffering and misery of poverty, in all the hopeful and noble illusions of righteous anger, pity and revolt.[2]

undt feeds on these things, for they give him an importance to hich he would otherwise have no claim. Each of these anarchists there for what he can get out of it, Verloc and Ossipon for the ioney, Michaelis and Yundt for the prestige of being rebels. hese are men, says Conrad, who, like most revolutionaries, are oo lazy or too vain to gain any sort of position and prestige within ie established order, because they are either unwilling or unable o make the effort that that demands. The thing they have in ommon is their laziness; they despise each other for it, and do ot recognize it in themselves. Such unconvinced and unmilitant narchists are they that the one overt act of terrorism that takes lace, the attempt to blow up Greenwich Observatory, which, it is orth remembering, is not an anarchist outrage at all, but an ttempt by the reluctant Verloc in his capacity as a foreign *agent rovocateur* to bring the British government to a due sense of its esponsibilities, fills them with horror and alarm. "Solidarity ith the extremest form of action is one thing, and silly recklessness another,"[3] says Ossipon, typically sheltering behind his revolutonary jargon, and again "I hadn't the slightest idea—not the host of a notion of anything of the sort being planned to come ff here—in this country. Under the present circumstances it's

[2] ibid. p. 48.

[3] ibid. p. 77.

nothing short of criminal."[4] Verloc himself who, after an unsuccessful canvass of his revolutionary associates, uses Stevie for the attempt, feels keenly the injustice of being asked to do something dangerous to earn the money he draws.

The natural opposites to these indolent outlaws ought to be found in the ranks of law and order, among Chief Inspector Heat, the Assistant Commissioner, the Home Secretary, and his personal private secretary, Toodles. Passing over the Assistant Commissioner for the moment, who presents a special problem, the others show hardly more moral sense than the anarchists themselves, though the shells they build round themselves do have a more conventional appearance, probably because the desires and ambitions of which these shells are composed are of a more conventional nature.

Inspector Heat is brilliantly protrayed. He is a successful policeman, and he wants to be a still more successful policeman. The idea of anarchy disturbs him, not because he understands the moral issues involved, but because the anarchists do not abide by the rules. Thieves and other criminals he understands and even respects, because they respect him and what he stands for; but anarchists, he thinks, should be either left severely alone, if they are too dangerous or, if he could have his anarchistic way, shot down "like mad dogs." His whole position is complicated by the fact that for some time Verloc has been his private informer, which has been most beneficial to his career. He is thus in a dilemma when he finds evidence, the name-tag sewn into Stevie's coat by the careful Winnie, that connects Verloc with the explosion. This evidence he decides to suppress (he is later forced to disclose it), his justification to himself being that, as an efficient policeman, he is most valuable to society. Verloc's information is what makes him an efficient policeman, and Verloc must therefore be protected. Indeed, this piece of knowledge will give him an additional hold over Verloc, who will thus be obliged to be much more useful to him. This sort of moral shuffling is horrifying enough, but it then appears that he has decided to fasten the blame for the explosion on to Michaelis. This, too, is not a simple decision, for he is influenced in it by his jealousy of Michaelis, who has been lionized by Society since his release from prison, by his resentment at having his pose of omniscience destroyed by the unexpected

[4] ibid. p. 71.

xplosion, and by his irritation with his superior, the Assistant Commissioner. The latter, instead of leaving Heat to his own devices, insists on behaving in a thoroughly undepartmental manner, nd finding out things for himself. Moreover, Heat wishes to ivert official attention from the probable source of the explosive naterial, the mad Professor. For all these reasons, Michaelis eems an admirable scapegoat. Heat's rationalizations are beautiully presented in a passage which is worth quoting at length:

> Moreover, besides being legal and expedient, the arrest of Michaelis solved a little personal difficulty which worried Chief Inspector Heat somewhat. This difficulty had its bearing upon his reputation, upon his comfort, and even upon the efficient performance of his duties. For, if Michaelis no doubt knew something about this outrage, the Chief Inspector was fairly certain that he did not know too much. This was just as well. He knew much less—the Chief Inspector was positive—than certain other individuals he had in his mind, whose arrest seemed to him inexpedient, besides being a more complicated matter, on account of the rules of the game. The rules of the game did not protect so much Michaelis, who was an ex-convict. It would be stupid not to take advantage of legal facilities, and the journalists who had written him up with such emotional gush would be ready to write him down with emotional indignation.
>
> This prospect, viewed with confidence, had the attraction of a personal triumph for Chief Inspector Heat. And deep down in his blameless bosom of an average citizen, almost unconscious but potent nevertheless, the dislike of being compelled by events to meddle with the desperate ferocity of the Professor had its say . . .
>
> The perfect anarchist was not recognised as a fellow creature by Chief Inspector Heat. He was impossible—a mad dog to be left alone. Not that the Chief Inspector was afraid of him, on the contrary he meant to have him some day. But not yet: he meant to get hold of him in his own time, properly and effectively, according to the rules of the game. The present was not the right time for attempting that feat, not the right time for many reasons, personal and of public service. This being the strong feeling of Inspector Heat, it appeared to him just and proper that this affair should be shunted off its obscure and inconvenient track, leading

> goodness knows where, into a quiet (and lawful) siding called Michaelis.[5]

And immediately after this:

> Chief Inspector Heat, though what is called a man, was not a smiling animal. But his inward state was that of satisfaction at the passively receptive attitude of the Assistant Commissioner.[6]

It is precisely because Heat, whose business is investigation, refuses to examine himself, that he is able to deceive himself to the point where what is most advantageous to him appears as not only expedient, but as "just and proper" and an action of public service.

Sir Ethelred, the Home Secretary, with his insistence on "no details" is another who does not want to examine the facts too closely. What he wants is not a full understanding of the situation, but just enough "fact", no matter how incomplete it may be, to enable him to answer the questions of his political opponents. It is true that he sanctions the Assistant Commissioner's investigations, but it is plain that apart from a passing irritation at the diplomatic complications presented by the proof of foreign interference, his chief reaction is one of impatience at being interrupted in his own "revolutionary" activity, the nationalization of the fishing industry. And Toodles, for all his devotion to his principal, is learning to become another Sir Ethelred. I do not want to push this too far, or to attempt to show in these characters the sort of moral collapse that Inspector Heat exhibits, but there seems little doubt that Sir Ethelred, and Toodles too, are confined within their own small segments of experience and do not want to know more than is necessary of what goes on outside.

The Assistant Commissioner, alone among the representatives of order, appears to have some idea of a justice that is external to himself, but here, too, the situation is a complex one. He and his wife owe much to the patronage of the same influential Society woman whose protégé Michaelis is, and it would be most embarrassing, not to say detrimental to his career, if Michaelis were to be arrested by his department. But the Assistant Commissioner is an "investigating animal." He is new to his job, and he refuses to remain a figure-head, meekly accepting what is offered to him by Heat. Unlike Heat, he is even prepared to examine his own motives. When he hears that Heat proposes to arrest Michaelis:

[5] ibid. p. 121-123.

[6] ibid. p. 123.

> The Assistant Commissioner made a reflection extremely unbecoming to his official position without being really creditable to his humanity.
>
> "If the fellow is laid hold of again," he thought, "she will never forgive me."
>
> The frankness of such a secretly outspoken thought could not go without some derisive self-criticism. No man engaged in a work he does not like can preserve many saving illusions about himself. The distaste, the absence of glamour, extend from the occupation to the personality. It is only when our appointed activities seem by a lucky accident to obey the particular earnestness of our temperament that we can taste the comfort of complete self-deception.[7]

This poses a problem. Does the Assistant Commissioner undertake the investigation in which he successfully brings the guilt home, through Verloc, to Mr Vladimir of the foreign embassy, because he wants to clear Michaelis, or because he wants to discover the truth for the sake of some abstract ideal of justice? It is not an easy question to answer. He does not appear to care very much, for instance, what happens to Verloc after he has extracted the information he wants, and there can in any case be no punishment for Mr Vladimir, who enjoys diplomatic immunity. There is also the suggestion that the Assistant Commissioner regards the ridding of England of this particular sort of foreign interference as his own special crusade, just as Sir Ethelred's crusade is the nationalization of the fishing industry. On balance, however, it does seem that his ability to see why he acts as he does is his saving grace, and that he shows a greater moral sensitivity than Heat or the anarchists. He realizes at least that moral problems are involved, and that in itself is a great advance.

These are the characters who are involved in the story of Winnie Verloc's tragedy. It remains to consider the significance of the situation in the Verloc household itself. Baldly stated, the situation is this. Winnie is devoted to her half-witted brother Stevie, and has married Verloc, whom she does not love, solely to provide a home for him. Her mother has encouraged the match for the same reason. Verloc has married her because he finds her sexually attractive, because he knows that she is a competent house-

[7] ibid. p. 112.

keeper (he used to stay at the lodging house run by Winnie and her mother) and because he knows that she will not ask awkward questions about his activities.

Stevie himself is perhaps the one person in the book who can feel for other people. His sympathies are only too ready. Any tale of injustice or oppression provokes him to an hysterical outburst, as when, prophetically, he sets off a collection of fireworks on the staircase of the building where he is employed as an office boy. But Stevie lacks the power of intelligence that would give his sympathy any form or purpose. He is docile, except in moments of hysteria; he believes what he is told, and he is always being told by Winnie that Verloc is a good man. This makes him the ideal tool for Verloc, when that gentleman is unwilling to risk his own skin in the bomb attempt. There is something very pathetic about Stevie going to his hideous death, presumably believing that he is doing something good, when in reality his action, even if it had been successful, would only have strengthened the sort of tyranny that he dimly understands but fiercely hates.

Stevie is loved by Winnie with a fierce and protective devotion that is the most important thing in her life. Her marriage to Verloc has been a deliberate act of sacrifice for the sake of her brother. She and her mother have always had to protect Stevie; the importance which they attach to this duty is clearly shown in Winnie's thoughts after hearing that Stevie is dead:

> Mrs Verloc heard the words again in a ghostly fashion, and then the dreary shadow of the Belgravian mansion descended upon her shoulders. It was a crushing memory, an exhausting vision of countless breakfast trays carried up and down innumerable stairs, of endless haggling over pence, of the endless drudgery of sweeping, dusting, cleaning, from basement to attics; while the impotent mother, staggering on swollen legs, cooked in a grimy kitchen, and poor Stevie, the unconscious presiding genius of all their toil, blacked the gentlemen's boots in the scullery. But this vision had a breath of a hot London summer in it, and for a central figure a young man wearing his Sunday best, with a straw hat on his dark head and a wooden pipe in his mouth. Affectionate and jolly, he was a fascinating companion for a voyage down the sparkling stream of life; only his boat was very small. There was room in it for a girl partner at the oar, but no accommodation for passengers. He was

> allowed to drift away from the threshold of the Belgravian mansion while Winnie averted her tearful eyes. He was not a lodger. The lodger was Mr Verloc, indolent and keeping late hours, sleepily jocular of a morning from under his bedclothes, but with gleams of infatuation in his heavy-lidded eyes, and always with some money in his pockets.[8]

While not attempting to derogate from Winnie's sacrifice, which is a very real one, it is impossible to ignore the undertone of moral distaste with which this sacrifice is described. Winnie has sold herself, for a worthy object no doubt, but she has sold herself nevertheless, and the fact that it is Verloc to whom she has sold herself gives the transaction some of the squalor that Verloc seems to take with him wherever he goes, and which is perhaps best suggested by the description of his shop with which the book opens. Moreover, the culminating irony of the book is that she has sold herself to no purpose, and that the destruction of Stevie is in a way her own fault. Winnie shelters behind her conviction that things "did not stand looking into very much."[9] Her life is depressing, so she does not allow herself to think about it. It is even possible that because she refuses to look into things, the idea of Winnie protecting Stevie has become more important to her than the actual protection of Stevie. Certainly she refuses to see that the home she has made for him at so great a sacrifice is one of the most unsuitable places imaginable for one of Stevie's propensities. It is for this reason that Winnie's devotion to Stevie does not make her in any sense a positive figure to set against the self-interest of the other characters; and why, painful as it may seem, Winnie must stand condemned. Not only does this devotion prevent her from feeling any responsibility towards her husband, but it leads her, disastrously, to forget the terms of the contract. For Winnie is not content with the bargain, struck for Stevie's sake, between her and her husband. She cannot give her husband love, but she desperately wants his love for Stevie, and she deludes herself into thinking that Verloc is becoming fond of Stevie, that he is beginning to think of him as a son. She is always calling her husband's attention to Stevie, telling him how fond Stevie is of him, how Stevie will do anything for him. As Verloc points out to her in his first and last burst of candour, the repetition of this theme suggested Stevie to him as the instrument for which he was searching.

[8] ibid. p. 242-243.

[9] ibid. p. 241.

When Winnie is made to realize this, the shock is even greater than that produced by the news of Stevie's death, because she is forced to the realization that her potential happiness has been sacrificed for an illusion, and not a pretty illusion at that:

> Mrs Verloc pursued the visions of seven years' security for Stevie loyally paid for on her part; of security growing into confidence, into a domestic feeling stagnant and deep like a placid pool, whose guarded surface hardly shuddered on the occasional passage of Comrade Ossipon, the robust anarchist with shamelessly inviting eyes, whose glance had a corrupt clearness sufficient to enlighten any woman not absolutely imbecile.
>
> A few seconds only had elapsed since the last word had been uttered aloud in the kitchen, and Mrs Verloc was staring already at the vision of an episode not more than a fortnight old. With eyes whose pupils were extremely dilated she stared at the vision of her husband and poor Stevie walking up Brett Street side by side away from the shop. It was the last scene of an existence created by Mrs Verloc's genius, an existence foreign to all grace and charm, without beauty and almost without decency, but admirable in the continuity of feeling and tenacity of purpose. And this last vision had such plastic relief, such nearness of form, such a fidelity of suggestive detail, that it wrung from Mrs Verloc an anguished and faint murmur, reproducing the supreme illusion of her life, an appalled murmur that died out on her blanched lips "Might have been father and son."[10]

The desire to protect Stevie is what insulates Winnie from the rest of the world, and so strong is this desire that it not only insulates her from any understanding of everyone else's feelings, it also defeats its own object. She cannot even recognize that her mother's decision to leave the household is made for Stevie's sake. She is unable to understand her husband's feelings or to make any sort of contact with him. When he comes home from the Embassy, obviously greatly upset, Winnie's concern takes the form of keeping Stevie quiet. This is clearly done for Stevie's sake rather than Mr Verloc's. He is noticed only because his mood may make him sharp with Stevie.

[10] ibid. p. 243.

Yet Verloc is hardly to be pitied, for his conception of his marriage, too, is based on an illusion. His conceit is enormous, and he therefore believes that he deserves to be loved for what he is. He will not allow himself to see that Stevie is the only reason for his wife's continued presence in his house. The Verlocs have taken the marriage vows, they share the marriage bed, but for all that they understand of each other, they might just as well be complete strangers. This lack of contact is shown in all its terrifying completeness in the final scene between them, after Winnie has learned of Stevie's death. It is not too much to say that Winnie's reason for existence has been destroyed, now that Stevie is dead. She realizes that she is "free", that the contract that she has observed for seven years, "without distaste" because she has never allowed herself to think of its full implications, is ended. She has a clear vision of Stevie's mangled corpse (she has overheard Heat describing the results of the explosion to Verloc), and she has, as Conrad says:

> been subjected to a shock to which, in the physical order, the most violent earthquake of history could only be a faint and languid rendering.[11]

Yet Verloc's conceit and complacency are so great that, at this moment, he believes that his wife is worried about him! He has had a tiring day; his safe and undemanding occupation has been ruined, and he now expects from his wife sympathy and help in planning their future. He feels that she is taking Stevie's death unnecessarily hard:

> "Do be reasonable Winnie. What would it have been if you had lost me?"[12]

He is even prepared to forgive her for having sewn the label, which connected him with the explosion, into Stevie's coat. He points out, and perhaps even believes it, that everything has been done for her sake:

> "I would have taken him by the throat. As true as I stand here, if I hadn't thought of you then I would have half choked the life out of the brute before I let him get up. And don't you think he would have been anxious to call the police either. He wouldn't have dared. You understand why—don't you?"
>
> He blinked at his wife knowingly.

[11] ibid. p. 255.

[12] ibid. p. 234.

> "No," said Mrs Verloc in an unresonant voice, and without looking at him at all. "What are you talking about?"[13]

She has not even heard him. Mr Verloc's patience is not inexhaustible. Giving way to what seems to him a perfectly justifiable irritation, he argues that Winnie has forced Stevie onto his attention.

> "Don't you make any mistake about it: if you will have it that I killed the boy" [Verloc is convinced that he is the true victim of the whole occurrence] "then you've killed him just as much as I."[14]

The final outrage comes when Verloc, still completely unaware of Winnie's true feelings, calls her to his side "in a peculiar tone, which might have been the tone of brutality but was intimately known to Mrs Verloc as the note of wooing."[15] She shifts the whole burden of responsibility for Stevie's death to him, and she kills him. Stevie is revenged, but one illusion remains. Verloc has in a sense died because he was so sure that he was loved for his own sake. Winnie now dies for the same reason. In a frantic effort to believe that she is worthy of being loved, she turns to Ossipon, who is interested only in her money, and persuades herself that he loves her. When she finds herself defrauded, alone, and terrified of the gallows, she commits suicide. When this final illusion, her estimation of her own worth, has been stripped away, nothing remains, and life becomes intolerable. Winnie's end is pathetic, but the conclusion must be faced: she, like all the others, has isolated herself within her own desires, and it is this truly destructive anarchy that has destroyed Stevie, the object of her devotion, Mr Verloc, and finally herself.

The Professor, who is the subject of the last words of the book, is given that prominence because he provides the extreme statement of this preoccupation with self. At first it seems that the Professor, to whom it is a principle to refuse nobody a supply of his explosive, is a true philosophical anarchist, if the paradox may be allowed. But this is not so. Physically a weakling, he has become what he is because he is prepared to destroy even himself because of the grudge he bears against a world that has refused to accept him at his own valuation. Nothing could be clearer than the Professor's creed:

> "Exterminate, exterminate! That is the only way of

[13] ibid. p. 240.
[14] ibid. p. 258.
[15] ibid. p. 262.

> progress. It is! Follow me, Ossipon. First the great multitude of the weak must go, then the only relatively strong. You see? First the blind, then the deaf and dumb, then the halt and the lame—and so on. Every taint, every vice, every prejudice, every convention must meet its doom."
>
> "And what remains?" asked Ossipon in a stifled voice.
>
> "I remain—if I am strong enough," asserted the sallow little Professor, whose large ears, thin like membranes, and standing out from the sides of his skull, took on suddenly a deep red tinge.[16]

The Professor believes that he is strong because he is prepared to blow himself up rather than be arrested. But it is not this, the carrying of enough explosive in his pocket to send himself "and twenty other people into eternity" that makes Conrad see the Professor as a figure of such terrible menace. He has that evil significance in the concluding passage because he is the pure culture of the principle of anarchy, the principle of self-interest.

> And the incorruptible Professor walked too, averting his eyes from the odious multitude of mankind. He had no future. He disdained it. He was a force. His thoughts caressed the images of ruin and destruction. He walked frail, insignificant, shabby, miserable—and terrible in the simplicity of his idea of calling madness and despair to the regeneration of the world. Noboby looked at him. He passed on unsuspected and deadly, like a pest in the street full of men.[17]

Conrad has been perfectly consistent. His subject has been the anarchy of life, and he has shown that principle at work, not simply or in the abstract, but in human situations, and with a confusing complexity like the complexity of life itself.

If this book is bitterly critical of human behaviour, as I feel it is, it is fair to ask what positive values it postulates, before one accepts Conrad's claim that it is not "a gratuitous outrage on the feelings of mankind." Two points suggest themselves, the first the more obvious. People must be aware of themselves, and be able to recognize the true nature of their motives; but that alone is not enough. They must also care about something outside themselves, yet not in the way that Winnie cares about Stevie, for

[16] ibid. p. 303. [17] ibid. p. 311.

that is only an extension of her own self-interest. What Conrad seems to suggest is that they must care about life itself. The complete success of this book is due to the honesty with which the whole human situation is faced. Moral judgments uncontaminated by self-interest are not easy to make, nor is it easy to know what is involved in caring about life itself. The feeling which is present, but is never made explicit in *The Secret Agent*, that for all the baffling cruelties and inconsistencies, life has a value, will perhaps appear from a quotation, not from *The Secret Agent*, but from a book which is in many ways concerned with the same issues, *Heart of Darkness*:

> . . . you must fall back on your own innate strength, upon your own capacity for faithfulness. Of course you may be too much of a fool to go wrong—too dull to know when you are being assaulted by the powers of darkness.
>
> . . . Or you may be such a thunderingly exalted creature as to be altogether deaf and blind to anything but heavenly sounds. Then the earth for you is only a standing place—and whether to be like this is your loss or your gain I won't pretend to say. But most of us are neither one nor the other. The earth for us is a place to live in, where we must put up with sights, with sounds, with smells too, by Jove! —breathe dead hippo, so to speak, and not be contaminated. And there don't you see? your strength comes in, the faith in your ability for the digging of unostentatious holes to bury the stuff in—your power of devotion, not to yourself, but to an obscure, back-breaking business.[18]

This is neither an easy nor a glamorous view of life, but it has the merit of being an honest one.

[18] *Heart of Darkness* (London, 1947) p. 116-117.

WORDS AND ETYMOLOGIES FOR THE *OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY*

M. D. W. JEFFREYS

THE following information may be useful for those who are at present compiling a new supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary*:

AFRICANDER. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines this person as a white native of South Africa, especially one of Dutch descent. No example is given where this term applies to one of British origin. The following extract remedies this defect. Captain W. R. Ludlow in *Zululand and Cetewayo* (London, 1882, p. 67), writing of the hunter Toohey, says: "He was a splendid specimen of an Africander, that is an Englishman born in the colony."

BLIGHTY. The origin of this word as given in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, is open to question. *Bilad* in Arabic means land, country, home. Thus *Bilad es Sudan* is 'the land of the Black,' i.e. of the Negro. The *i* as a suffix in Arabic performs the same function as *er* does in English, and means 'of' or 'from.' *Gujerati* means 'someone of, or from Gujerat,' just as *Londoner* means 'someone of or from London.' Hence *Biladi* means 'someone from the country.' In the British army overseas many officers served with Muslims, for whom *biladi* meant 'homeland;' and *blighty* came to mean 'home' for the British. An early use of a variant of *blighty* is given by Crawfurd in his article 'On the migrations of cultivated plants in reference to Ethnology' (*Transactions of the Ethnological Society of London*, Vol. V, 1867). He wrote: "In Hindustan, where the potato is now successfully cultivated, chiefly for European consumption, the name given to it is *balaiti alu*, or the European esculent tuber." G. A. Schweinfurth in *The Heart of Africa* (London, 1878, Vol. I, p. 103), writes: "In Egypt this sorghum is called *Durra belladi*, or 'durra of the country,' to distinguish it from the maize which is known as *Durra Shahmi* or 'Syrian durra." ' Here *belladi* means 'local grain', while *Shahmi*

is the local name for Syria. In Piri Reis's map, drawn in 1513, northern Spain is called *Biladi Ispanva.* (Afetiman, *The Oldest Map of America drawn by Piri Reis*, Ankara, 1954.)

BORT. In the *Oxford English Dictionary* the earliest example of the spelling *bort* is dated 1817; but there is an instance of this spelling in the seventeenth century. Fryer, who was in India from 1672-1681 wrote: "They cut Diamonds with a Mill turned by Men, the String reaching, in manner of Cutlers Wheels, to lesser that are in a flat Press, where under Steel-wheels the Diamonds are fastened; and with its own Bort are worn into what Cut the Artist pleases." (W. Crooke, ed., *A New Account of East India and Persia being Nine Years' Travels 1672-1681* by John Fryer, Vol. I. Hakluyt Society, 2nd series, No. 19, 1909, p. 285.)

BUG-A-BUG, though fairly common for the termite or white ant in literature dealing with West Africa, does not figure in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. J. Matthews in his book, *A Voyage to Sierra Leone* (London, 1788, p. 47), writes: "The termite, or white ant, called by the natives bugabug . . ." The term was in use as late as 1900 as the following extract shows. R. H. Stone in his book *In Afric's Forest and Jungle* (London, 1900, p. 78) writes: "In the large white ant of Africa, one had a more intolerable pest than in the driver ant. The Sierra Leone people call them 'bugbugs.'" However, as the following extract shows, the word was not restricted to the white ant, but was also used to indicate the black ant. Kup, quoting from the log-book kept by Samuel Gamble, Captain of the *Sanddown*, writes: ". . . the Planters complain that the Buggabug or large black Ant destroys all their Sugar Canes and other plants . . ." (A. P. Kup, 'Freetown in 1794,' *Sierra Leone Studies*, Dec. 1958, p. 163.)

BUSS. Between 1471 and 1601 there is only one reference to this word, meaning a 'type of ship,' between 1611 and 1865 no instance is given. On page 235 of *Early Voyages and Travels to Russia and Persia*, by A. Jenkinson and others (ed. E. D. Morgan and C. H. Coote), Vol. II. Hakluyt Society, 1st series, No. 73, 1886, is a letter written by Jenkin-

son in September, 1567, from which the relevant passage is: "if any Merchant out of what Countrey soeuer it be, doe come with shippe or shippes, busses, or any other kind of vessel, to any of our harbors, within all our North parts, wee will that then the people and goods, shippe or shippes, shal be confiscate and forfeited to vs the Emperour and great Duke." The editors have added the following footnote. "Buss, a small vessel of from 50 to 70 tons burden, used in herring fishing. (See a curious treatise on Britain's 'bus,' reprinted in Arbers *English Garner*, iii, 621.)"

The second gap can be filled by the remarks made by John Barnes, who was Governor of Senegal from 1763 to 1766, stating that "in 1758 and 1761 . . . very terrible mortality occured in two King's ships (the London, buss; the Union, hoy; and Goree, sloop) at Senegal, while he was there . . ." This statement will be found in *Abridgement of the Minutes of the evidence taken before a Committee of the whole House to whom it was referred to consider of the Slave Trade.* (London, 1789 No. I, p. 3.)

BUTTERIS. The last example of the use of this word in English in the *Oxford English Dictionary* is dated 1831. I have found an instance of its use in 1914. Thus, A. W. Banfield in his *Dictionary of the Nupe Language* (Shonga, The Niger Press, 1914, Vol. I, p. 121) has: "*Ekagi.* A butteris, or hoofparing knife."

CAPOT, as a variant spelling of *Kapok*, is not given in the *Oxford English Dictionary*; but T. Salmon in his book, *The Present State of Africa*, (London, 1739, p. 186) writes: "There is also [in Guinea] the Capot tree, that bears a sort of Cotton . . ."

CHIMPANTSI. This variant spelling of chimpanzee is not found in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, but it occurs in J. C. Prichard's book, *The Natural History of Man*, 2nd ed. (London, 1845, p. 110), where the following passage occurs: "I shall take, however, some account of the skulls of the higher siminae in comparison with the human skull, as illustrating the nature of this peculiarity, which the orang and chimpantsi have in a much greater degree." In this connection

attention may be drawn to another variant spelling, namely, *Japanzee*, also not found in the Dictionary. J. Matthews uses this spelling in 1788 in his book, *A Voyage to Sierra Leone* (London, 1788, p. 41), where he writes: "The Japanzees, or chimpanzees, are also natives of this country [Sierra Leone]."

CORRY. Though the *Oxford English Dictionary* cites *cory* as an obsolete form of *curry*, it gives no example. The Dictionary's example of the word *curry* is actually older than the use of *cory* I now give. J. Clark, in his book *Observations on the Diseases which prevail in long Voyages to hot Countries*, (London, 1792 Vol. I, p. 136), writes: "The principal ingredients of cory are cayenne pepper, ginger and turmeric."

GALLEY. The *Oxford English Dictionary* states of this word that "the ultimate etymology is unknown." Origins via Portuguese and Greek are given. As the Semitic peoples were early navigators of the world, the etymology of the root in *galley* could be profitably sought in a Semitic language. In Arabic there is the word *jalia* for a type of ship. Recently I wrote 'The Impact of the Arab Language on East Africa,' (*Muslim Digest Ramadan Annual*, May, 1955, p. 209-212) that the Arab word *jalia*, as a name for a type of ship, is found in Swahili as *galawo*; while among the Gogo of East Africa the word for a ship is *ngulaba*. In Zulu, *ingalawana* is the name for a harbour tug; and the English word *galley* appears to belong to this group of words which derives from the Arabic *jalia*.

GUINEA WHEAT. The *Oxford English Dictionary* records 1598 as the earliest date of the use of *Guinea wheat* in the English language, an early name for 'maize.' There are earlier instances, however. The first is dated 1596, where the Earl of Cumberland is reported by Purchas in *His Pilgrimes*, (Glasgow, 1906, Vol. 16, p. 97), as remarking in Porto Rico in the West Indies: "the bigger sort of maize I have seen growing, and it is either the same or exceedingly like the graine which we call Ginny wheat." Andrew Battell who, from 1590, lived nearly eighteen years in Angola and the Congo, states (according to Purchas, *His Pilgrimes*, 1625,

p. 985) that the Negroes "have also the great Guiney Wheat, which they call Mas-impota." Later Battell refers to *mas-impota* as 'maize.' The earliest reference I have found to *Guinea wheat* as 'maize' in the English language is dated 1585. Ralph Lane who was in Virginia in that year writes, according to D. B. Quinn, *The Roanoke Voyages 1584-1590*, Vol. I. Hakluyt Society, 2nd Series, No. 104, 1955. p. 207), "now within these few dayes we haue found here a Guinea wheate, whose eare yeeldeth corne for bread, 400, vpon one eare . . ." However, the grain must have been known by this name much earlier, because a similar name, *milho de Guynee* for 'maize', is found in Portuguese records dated 1506, some eighty years earlier. Thus Valentim Fernandes, who at that date published his guide to the coasts of Western Africa, wrote (according to the edition published by P. de Cenival and T. Monod, *Description de la Côte d'Afrique de Ceuta au Senegal*, Paris, 1938, p. 80), "Nesta serra de Baffor nace trigo, ceuada e milhode Guynee."

HEIR. The use of this word as an intransitive verb is not noticed in the *Oxford English Dictionary*; but W. D. Paterson, in his article 'Marriage' (*A Dictionary of the Bible*, ed. by I. Hastings, London, 1900, Vol. III, p. 270) so uses it: "Well as this practice (of the Levirate) is vouched for, the inheritance of a wife by a surviving brother is widely removed from the biblical theory, for the essence of the latter is the concession that the younger brother, instead of himself heiring, raises up heirs to the deceased."

INDIAN CORN. This name for *zea mays*, so far as I am aware, first appears in an Act of Parliament in Britain in 1768. Thus C. Walford in his book *The Famines of the World*, (London, 1879 p. 176), writes: "The Legislation of this year (1768) consists of . . . 3. The 8. George. 3. An Act for the free importation of *Indian Corn* or *Maize* from any of His Majesty's Colonies in America, for a time therein limited."

JIGGER. The origin of this word interested me, and in 1955 I published an article 'Well I'm jiggered' in *The International Anthropological and Linguistic Review*, Vol. II, where I

attempted to show that the derivations suggested by the *Oxford English Dictionary* could not be sustained, and that the root in *jiggered* was much older than suggested. It is concerned with early slang *jig*, meaning 'to copulate.' A similar term, *choque choque*, was used as early as 1479 by African women on the Gold Coast. English *jig-a-jig* was, in fact, in use far earlier than the dates assigned to it by Eric Partridge, which rules out the speculation that the term *jiggered* in the sailors' oath is of American origin, deriving from *chigoe*. What is clear is that the use of the last term is much older than the dates assigned to it by the lexicons. The word *jigger* in English probably derives from two different roots. One, a recent one, is traceable to the word *chigoe* or *Pule penetrans*; the other, the sailors' oath, derives from a much earlier word, of unknown origin. When a new supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary* is published, the word *jigger* should have two entries, one connecting it with the *chigoe Pulex penetrans* and the other with *jig*.

LUTING, as a name for the clay smeared on the walls of wattle and daub huts, is not given in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Jacob Roggeveen visited Easter Island in 1721, and in Corney's translation of Roggeveen's account, one finds that the islanders' houses "were . . . set up on wooden stakes daubed over with luting and covered in with palm leaves." (B. G. Corney, ed., *Gonzalez's Voyage to Easter Island 1770-1*. Hakluyt Society, 2nd series, No. 13, 1903, p. 135.)

MOOR. The origin of this word has usually been taken as indicating a citizen of Mauretania; but the name, *Moor*, occurs in a mutilated line of hieroglyphs in ancient Egypt. Professor S. Birch in *Records of the Past* (London, 1878, Vol. IV, p. 40), describing the invasion of Egypt by the Greeks in the reign of Menephtah of the XIX dynasty, circa 1285 B.C., gives the following translation of this mutilated line: ". . . of His Majesty, called Namauremi." Birch adds the following footnote: "or called also 'the Maurui,' Moors." In Egypt at this date, according to Birch, a word resembling *Moor* was known as the name of a people.

NEATS, meaning 'cattle' is fairly common, but the following extract fills a gap in the *Oxford English Dictionary's* quotations. T. Salmon, in his geography, *The Present State of Africa*, (London, 1746, Vol. III, p. 109) writes: "On the south-side of the river (Gambia) the first kingdom we meet with is that of Cumbo . . . affording plenty of neats, cattle, goats and fowls . . ."

PANIAR is not given in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, but F. Moore in *Travels into the inland Parts of Africa* (London, 1740, p. 221), writes that on the river Gambia on 26 February, 1724 "the stealing a man and making him a slave they call *paniaring* him."

PLEACH. The last example of the use of this word in the *Oxford English Dictionary* is in 1889. There is a more recent use. Thus A. W. Banfield in his *Dictionary of the Nupe Language*, (Shonga, The Niger Press, 1914, Vol. I, p. 407), gives: "*Swa*, V. To pleach with loose grass; *eza nana eswa 'gab*, this person is pleaching a fence."

SCRUTORE. *The Oxford English Dictionary* gives only one instance dated 1665, of this spelling for this type of portable writing desk. I have come across a use of this term in 1734. Thus W. Snelgrave, in his book *A New Account of Some Parts of Guinea and the Slave Trade* (London, 1734, p. 175), writes: "On this I desired the Captain to send to his Scrutore, for the Book of Instructions . . ."

STONE-BOWS. The following quotation dated circa 1567 fills in a gap between 1543 and Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, 1601. E. D. Morgan, and C. H. Coote, eds., *Early Voyages and Travels to Russia and Persia*, by A. Jenkinson and others Vol. II (Hakluyt Society, No. 20, 1886, p. 406), write: "Item, six stone bowes that shoot lead pellets."

TEW. The following quotation describing an article used in the preparation of cotton fills a gap in the dates in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. "The Third was a Pack of Thieves . . . they were Fifteen, all of a Gang, who used to lurk under Hedges in narrow Lanes, and as they found opportunity,

by a Device of a Weight tied to a Cotton Bowstring made of Guts (with which they *tew* Cotton) of some length, they used to throw it upon Passengers so that winding it about their Necks, they pulled them from their Beasts. (W. Crooke, ed., *A New Account of East India and Persia being nine Years' Travels 1672-1681* by John Fryer, Vol. I (Hakluyt Society, 2nd series No. 19, 1909, p. 244.)

URANIAN, as a euphemism for *homosexual*, does not occur in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. E. Carpenter in his book *Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk* (London, 1914, p. 11) writes: "Investigating thus in this case, we are surprised to find how often—according to the views of these early peoples themselves—inversion in some form was regarded as a necessary part of social life, and the Uranian man accorded a certain meed of honour."

YACHT. The spelling *Iact* for *yacht* is not found in the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Purchas in *His Pilgrimes* (London 1625, p. 935) writes: ". . . for they furnish their Ships and Iacts with such bread . . ." The above is Purchas's translation from de Marees who, circa 1600, wrote in Dutch of the Gold Coast as follows: ". . . *want sy provideren hun Barken ende Jachten . . .*"

A WILKIE COLLINS CHECK-LIST

R. V. ANDREW

OF the thirty-odd volumes of Collins's works and more than one hundred stories and articles, only two novels, *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone* are still in print. A few of the short stories and some of the Christmas stories written in collaboration with Dickens are still available. Fortunately all of Collins's novels and most of his other work may be found in libraries in South Africa, and microfilm copies of items not available elsewhere may be borrowed from the Ferdinand-Postma Library of the Potchefstroom University.

This bibliography lists only first publication of work traced to Collins and alternative titles under which items were subsequently published. There is good reason to believe, however, that much of his earlier work, published anonymously in London periodicals, has never been credited to him.

The importance of Wilkie Collins's contributions to Dickens's Christmas Numbers has, all too often, been overlooked. Only recently I came across an anthology in which *The Seven Poor Travellers* (1854) was credited to Dickens without any mention of Collins. While Dickens was responsible for the general framework and the introductory passage, five of the seven stories are by Collins, and possibly one other. The fourth story, later known as *A Stolen Letter* is not only the first English (as opposed to American) detective story, but introduces a lawyer who possesses characteristics found six years later in Jaggers in *Great Expectations*.

In 1855 Collins contributed 'The Ostler' to Dickens's *Holly Tree Inn*, and in 1856 Collins was responsible for the greater part of *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*. This Christmas story was written in three parts, 'The Wreck,' 'The Beguilement in the Boats' and 'The Deliverance.' Part One consists of four chapters, the first three being by Dickens and the last, 'John Steadiman's Account' being written by Collins. Part Two is made up of five chapters, each comprising a complete story with some connecting narrative. The first, third and fourth stories are almost certainly by Collins, the second and fifth by some unidentified contributor, while Dickens seems to have been responsible for the last two pages of connecting narrative. Part Three is probably all Collins's work.

In *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices* (1857) Collins contributes some interesting chapters of autobiography, telling of his experiences at school, as a cricketer, as a man of law and as an equestrian. Collins's story of 'The Double-Bedded Room' which appears as part of *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices* is considered by some to be his best short story. In *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners* (1857), Dickens wrote the first and last chapters while Collins was responsible for the second, which occupied almost half of the Christmas Number.

Collins contributed 'The Ghost in the Cupboard Room' to *The Haunted House* (1859). This is one of his best short stories and was later published as *Blow up with the Brig!* Dickens contributed the connecting narrative and one ghost story, while the remaining five stories are by other writers.

A Message from the Sea finds Collins's biographers considerably at variance in their assessment of his share, but Chapman and Hall's *The Nine Christmas Numbers of 'All the Year Round,'* reprinted from the original mats, shows that Dickens was responsible for four pages, Collins for thirteen, that they collaborated in writing nine pages, and that twenty-two pages were contributed by other writers.

No Thoroughfare (1867) was the last drama written by Dickens and Collins in collaboration. 'The Overture' and Act Three are by Dickens, Act Two is by Collins, and Acts One and Four are the product of collaboration.

Mr Wray's Cash-Box (1851) is an early example of Dickens' influence on Collins, an influence to be found throughout Collins' work. In *No Name* (1863) we find characters, especially Captain Wragge, quite worthy of Dickens's pen. Dickens's debt to Collins is, however, not always acknowledged. *Sister Rose* (1855) was Dickens's main, and unacknowledged, source of inspiration for *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859). The setting, the construction, the miraculous last-minute escape from the guillotine, the trial scene and several of the characters, owe much to *Sister Rose*. The intricacies of the plot of *Our Mutual Friend*, Satis House in *Great Expectations*, the legal twists in *Bleak House*, and the similarity of construction of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* to that of *The Moonstone* all point to Dickens's debt to Collins.

While Poe must be acknowledged as the first writer of detective stories in English, Collins was not only the first writer in England of stories of detection, but contributed largely to fixing the *genre*

In *The Monkstons of Wincot Abbey* (1852) we find the first amateur detective; in *A Terribly Strange Bed* (1852) we are introduced to the first police officer; *The Diary of Anne Rodway* (1856) gives us our first woman detective; while Mr Dark in *A Marriage Tragedy* combines eccentricity, clever deduction and attention to detail, thus setting the pattern for many a subsequent detective in fiction. *Who is a Thief?* (1858) provides the first example of a humorous detective story, while *The Moonstone* (1868) is the first detective story of novel length to be written in the English language. In *The Moonstone* we find an example of the fair-play rule, the technique of shifting suspicion from one character to another, and the inefficiency of the local police shown up by the expert from London. Most important of all, Sergeant Cuff examines a hand-print through a magnifying glass for purposes of identification—this six years before Herschell started classifying finger-prints.

Collins is best remembered for his *Woman in White* and *The Moonstone*. Yet *No Name* is richer in character then *The Woman in White*, and the action is intellectual rather than physical: move and countermove follow each other with the deliberateness and purpose of a closely contested game of chess. *The Law and the Lady* is as full of suspense as *The Moonstone* and the characters are developed in depth. Two characters provide deeply moving studies in abnormal psychology.

Much has been made of Millais's story of Collins's meeting with a woman dressed in white, and this has been taken as the source of his novel and an explanation of the mystery surrounding his association with Caroline Graves. Examination of the relevant passage in *The Life of John Everett Millais* (London, 1899) reveals that Millais's son wrote the passage, which lost nothing in the telling, more than forty years after the incident was supposed to have occurred, three years after the death of his father, and many years after the publication of *The Woman in White*. Kate Perugini, Dickens's daughter, is recorded as saying that Caroline Graves was the original of *The Woman in White;* but this remark is recorded in her memoirs immediately after a quotation from the relevant passage in Millais, and was made at least eighty years after the event was reported to have taken place.

Collins's way of life seems to have changed so as to include Caroline only after the publication of *The Woman in White*, and, in any event, the source of his plot is to be found in the records of

French trials, which he was pleased to term his "French Newgate Calendar."

Unauthorized publication of his work, especially in America, where his books sold well, annoyed Collins bitterly. He tried publishing his serials concurrently in England and America, but this did not prevent American publishing houses from producing editions almost as soon as the last instalment had been published. He tried having his novels published in book form in America even before the instalments in London were completed; but the American publishers gleefully continued to produce his novels without fee, the American reading public, in fact, enjoyed cheap books and were no more concerned than any Elizabethan enjoying a pirated edition of a Shakespearean play.

The most interesting example of piracy is to be found in *Love's Random Shot* (1884). This story is published under the name of Wilkie Collins, but it is almost certainly not written by him. It might be taken as proof of the truth of rumours that Collins employed ghost-writers; but the facts that the story was published in America only, and that it is the only story which bears no evidence at all of the Collins stamp, incline me to the opinion that here it is not the story, but only the author's name which was stolen.

THE WORKS OF WILKIE COLLINS

being a complete list of the works traced, with explanatory notes and cross-references to titles under which first published.

This check-list further indicates the *genre*, which items were acquired in the form of microfilm, and which I have not scrutinized. The cross-references to titles will, I trust, simplify a study of Collins' works by clarifying vague, incomplete and inaccurate references frequently encountered in works dealing with Collins.

For the greater part of the following information I am indebted to M. L. Parrish, *Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade* (1940). This list does, however, supplement Parrish's bibliography, and resolves a number of discrepancies.

List of Abbreviations

ATYR	*All the Year Round*
Bel Ann	*The Belgravia Annual*
Bel Mag	*The Belgravia Magazine*
ed.(s)	edition(s)
Har Month Mag ..	*Harper's Monthly Magazine*
Har Week	*Harper's Weekly*
HW	*Household Words*
inc	included
L Nov	*Little Novels*
My Misc	*My Miscellanies*
per.(s)	periodical(s)
pr.	printed
prev.	previously
prod.	produced
pub.	published
Qu of H	*The Queen of Hearts*
repr.	reprinted
Sp of the T	*The Spirit of the Times*
vol.(s)	volume (s)

List of Symbols

n	non-fiction
d	drama
m	items seen in microfilm
*	items not seen

After Dark, a collection of 6 short stories all, with the exception of *The Lady of Glenwith Grange*, prev. pub. in pers. i.e. *A Terribly Strange Bed*, *A Stolen Letter*, *Sister Rose*, *Gabriel's Marriage* and *The Yellow Mask*. Pub. Feb., 1856, 2 vols, with *Leaves from Leah's Diary* as a connecting narrative.

Alicia Warlock (1875). The title under which *The Dream Woman* was pub. by Gill and Company, Boston.

Antonina, first pub. 1850, 3 vols.

Armadale, first pub. Nov., 1864, to June, 1866, *The Cornhill Magazine*. Pub. 2 vols., May, 1866.

d* *Armadale*, 1866, a drama in 3 acts, not prod., not pub., later altered and re-entitled *Miss Gwilt*, q.v.

n* *Awful Warning to Bachelors*, pub. *HW*, 27 March, 1858.

n *Bachelor Bedroom, The*, first pub. *ATYR*, 6 Aug., 1859. Inc. *My Misc*, 1863.

Basil—A Story of Modern Life, first pub. Nov., 1852, 3 vols. Pub. by Peterson Bros, Philadelphia as *The Crossed Path or Basil—A Story of Modern Life* (1860).

Biter Bit, The, first pub. as *Who is the Thief? The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1858. In 1859 inc. *Qu of H* as *Brother Griffiths' Story of the Biter Bit.*

d* *Black and White*, written in collaboration with Charles Fechter, a drama in 3 acts, first prod. Adelphi Theatre, March, 1869.

Black Cottage, The, first pub. *Har Month Mag*, Feb., 1857, as *The Siege of the Black Cottage* and 1859 inc. *Qu of H* as *Brother Owen's Story of the Black Cottage.*

Black Robe, The, first pub. *The Canadian Monthly*, Nov., 1880, to June, 1881. Based on *The Yellow Mask.* Pub. 3 vols., 1881.

Blind Love, first pub. *The Illustrated London News*, July to Dec., 1889. Completed at Collins's request by Walter Besant; 3 vols., 1890.

Blow up with the Brig: A Sailor's Story, first pub. *The Haunted House*, a Christmas Number of *ATYR*, Dec., 1859, as *The Ghost in the Cupboard Room.* 1871 inc. *Miss or Mrs?* as *Blow up with the Brig!*

n *Bold Words by a Bachelor*, first pub. *HW*, Dec., 1856. 1863 inc. *My Misc.*

n* *Breach of British Privilege, A*, pub. *HW*, 19 March, 1859.

Brother Griffith's Story of a Plot in Private Life, first pub. with the title *A Marriage Tragedy. Har Month Mag*, Feb., 1858. 1859 inc. *Qu of H.*

Brother Griffith's Story of Mad Monkton, written Feb., 1852, but rejected by Dickens; first pub. *Fraser's Magazine*, Nov./Dec., 1855. 1859 inc. *Qu of H.*

Brother Griffith's Story of the Biter Bit see *The Biter Bit.*

Brother Griffith's Story of the Family Secret first pub. *The National Magazine*, May, 1857, with the title *Uncle George or the Family Mystery.* 1859 inc. *Qu of H.*

Brother Morgan's Story of Fauntleroy first pub. *HW*, 13 Nov., 1858, as *A Paradoxical Experience.* 1859 inc. *Qu of H.* 1890 pub. in *Readings and Recitations from Modern Authors* (Chicago) with the title *Fauntleroy the Forger.*

Brother Morgan's Story of the Dead Hand, first pub. *HW*, 10 Oct., 1857, as *The Double-Bedded Room*, where it is intro-

duced as a true experience into *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices.* 1859 inc. *Qu of H.*

Brother Morgan's Story of the Dream-Woman first pub. as *The Ostler*, part of *The Holly Tree Inn*, the Christmas Number of *HW*, Dec., 1855. 1859 inc. *Qu of H.* Collins later expanded this story for his American lecture tour, adapting it for the purpose, then expanded it once more and pub. it in the new form in *The Frozen Deep and Other Stories*, 1874.

Brother Owen's Story of Anne Rodway first pub. as *The Diary of Anne Rodway* in *HW*, 19, 26 July, 1856. 1859 inc. *Qu of H.*

Brother Owen's Story of the Black Cottage see *The Black Cottage.*

Brother Owen's Story of the Parson's Scruple, first pub. as *A New Mind*, *HW*, 1 Jan., 1859. 1859 inc. *Qu of H.*

n* *Burns Viewed as a Hatpeg* pub. *HW*, 12 Feb., 1859.

Captain's Last Love, The, first pub. *Sp of the T*, 23 Dec., 1876. Inc. *L Nov*, 1887, as *Mr Captain and the Nymph.*

n *Cauldron of Oil, The*, pub. *ATYR*, 11 May, 1861. 1863 inc. *My Misc.*

n* *Clause for the New Reform Bill, A*, written in collaboration with Dickens, first pub. *HW*, 9 Oct., 1859.

Clergyman's Confession, The, first pub. *The Canadian Monthly*, Aug. to Sept., 1875. Inc. *L Nov* in 1887 as *Miss Jéromette and the Clergyman.*

d* *Court Duel, A*, not pr., a drama in 3 acts, first prod. Soho Theatre (Miss Kelly's) Feb., 1850. (Adapted from the French.)

Crossed Path, The, see *Basil.*

nm *Cruise of the Tom-Tit, The*, *HW*, 22 Dec., 1855.

Dead Alive, The, in *The New York Fireside Companion*, 29 Dec., 1873, to 19 Jan., 1874. Also 27 Dec., 1873 to Feb. 1874, *The Home Journal* (London), where it appeared under the title *John Jago's Ghost.* Inc. *The Frozen Deep and Other Tales*, 1874, as *John Jago's Ghost.* Pub. *The Leisure Hour Library* (N.Y.) as *The Morwick Farm Mystery.*

Dead Hand, The, see *Brother Morgan's Story of the Dead Hand.*

Dead Secret, The, first pub. *HW*, Jan. to June, 1857, 2 vols., June, 1857.

n* *Debtor's Best Friend, The*, pub. *HW*, 19 Sept., 1857.

n* *Deep Design on Society*, pub. *HW*, 2 Jan., 1858.

m *Devil's Spectacles, The*, first pub. *Sp of the T*, 20 Dec., 1879. It appeared in *The Seaside Library* as *The Magic Spectacles*, 25 June, 1880. In *The Bolton Weekly Journal* and syndicated papers it appeared on various dates in 1886 as *The Devil's Spectacles*.

Diary of Anne Rodway, The, see *Brother Owen's Story of Anne Rodway*.

n* *Doctor Dulcamara, M.P.*, written in collaboration with Dickens and pub. *HW*, 18 Dec., 1858.

Double-Bedded Room, The, see *Brother Morgan's Story of The Dead Hand*.

n *Douglas Jerrold* pub. *HW*, 5 Feb., 1859. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

n* *Dramatic Author, A*, pub. *HW*, 28 May, 1859.

n *Dramatic Grub Street* (*Explored in two Letters*), pub. *HW*, 6 March, 1858. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Dream Woman, The, see *Brother Morgan's Story of the Dream Woman*.

Duel in Herne Wood, The, first pub. *Sp of the T*, 22 Dec., 1877. Inc. *L Nov* (1887) as *Miss Bertha and the Yankee*.

Evil Genius, The, first pub. *The Leigh Journal and Times*, 11 Dec., 1885, to 11 May, 1886; 3 vols., 15 Sept., 1886.

d* *Evil Genius, The*, drama, not pr. one performance only Vaudeville Theatre, Oct., 1885, to secure copyright.

m *Fair Penitent, A*, pub. *HW*, 18 July, 1857.

Fallen Leaves—First Series, The, first pub. *The World*, 1878 to 1879. It also appeared in *The Canadian Monthly* from Feb. 1879 to March, 1880; 3 vols., July, 1879. The promised Second Series was never written.

Family Secret, The, see *Brother Griffith's Story of the Family Secret*.

Fatal Cradle, The: Otherwise the Heartrending Story of Mr Heavisides, first pub. *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, the Extra Christmas Number of *ATYR*, Dec., 1861, where it appeared as Chapter IV: *Picking up Waifs at Sea*. Inc. *Miss or Mrs? and Other Stories in Outline* (1873).

Fatal Fortune, A, first pub. *ATYR*, 17 to 24 Oct., 1874. It was pub. in America as *A Sane Madman* in *Alicia Warlock* (*a Mystery*) *and Other Stories* (1875) (Gill & Co., Boston), and also appeared in *Lotos Leaves* (1875). Inc. *Miss or Mrs?* as *A Mad Marriage* (not in the first ed. of *Miss or Mrs?*, but from 1875 onwards).

Fauntleroy the Forger, see *Brother Morgan's Story of Fauntleroy*.

m *Fie! Fie! or the Fair Physician*, first pub. simultaneously *Sp of the T* and *The Pictorial World Christmas Supplement:* 23 Dec., 1882. It appeared subsequently in *The Seaside Library*, 5 April, 1883.

m *First Officer's Confession, The*, pub. *Sp of the T*, 24 Dec., 1887.

d* *Frozen Deep, The*, "a drama in three acts", first prod. Tavistock House 6 Jan., 1857. Revised and printed in 1866 and prod. Olympic Theatre (1866).

Frozen Deep, The, first pub. *Temple Bar*, Aug. to Oct., 1874; narrative adapted from the play. 1874 adapted for reading while Collins was on his American Tour and pub. as *The Frozen Deep and Other Tales* (these 2 vols. consist of the *Frozen Deep, The Dream Woman, John Jago's Ghost* or *The Dead Alive*.) Also pub. as *Readings and Writings in America* (Bentley, London, 1874).

Gabriel's Marriage, first pub. *HW*, 16 to 23 April, 1853. Inc. *After Dark* (1856).

Ghost in the Cupboard Room, The, see *Blow up with the Brig*!

Ghost's Touch, The, first pub. 1879 with *My Lady's Money* by Tauchnitz. Also pub. *Har Week*, 23 Oct., 1885, as *The Ghost's Touch*. 1887 inc. *L Nov* as *Mrs Zant and the Ghost*.

Girl at the Gate, The, first pub. *Sp of the T*, 6 Dec., 1884. 1887 inc. *L Nov* as *Mr Lepel and the Housekeeper*.

n *Give us Room!* first pub. *HW*, 13 Feb., 1858. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

n *Great Forgotten Invasion, The*, first pub. *HW*, 12 March, 1859. 1863 inc. *My Misc*.

Guilty River, The, first pub. *Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual*, Dec., 1886.

Haunted Hotel, The, first pub. *Bel Mag*, June to Nov., 1878. Pub. 2 vols. with *My Lady's Money*, Nov. 1878.

Haunted House, The, see *Blow up with the Brig*!

Heart and Science, first pub. *Bel Mag*, Aug., 1882 to June, 1883; 3 vols., 1883.

Heartrending Story of Mr Heavisides, The, see *A Fatal Cradle*.

Hide and Seek, 3 vols., June, 1854.

nm *Highly Proper*, pub. *HW*, 2 Oct., 1858.

m *House to Let, A*, an Extra Christmas Number to *HW*, 1858, written in collaboration with Dickens. *The Manchester Marriage* and *Three Evenings in the House* are by *Collins*;

Going into Society is by Dickens; *Over the Way*, *Trottle's Report* and *Let at Last* are mainly by Collins.

How I Married Him, first pub. *Sp of the T*, 24 Dec., 1881; also *Bel Ann*, 1882. Inc. *L Nov* (1887) as *Miss Morris and the Stranger*.

n* *How I Write my Books*, pub. *The Globe* (1887) in the form of an open letter.

I say no or the Loveletter Answered, pub. 3 vols., 1884.

Jezebel's Daughter, first pub. *The Bolton Weekly Journal* and other syndicated papers, 1879; also pub. *The Seaside Library*, 31 Jan., 1880; 3 vols., April, 1880. This novel was adapted from the unsuccessful play, *The Red Vial* q.v.

John Jago's Ghost, see *The Dead Alive*.

n *Journey in Search of Nothing, A*, first pub. *HW*, 5 Sept., 1857. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Lady of Glenwith Grange, The, first pub. *After Dark* Feb., 1856.

n *Laid up in Lodgings*, first pub. *HW*, 7 to 14 June, 1856. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

nm *Last Stage Coachman, The*, first pub. *The Illuminated Magazine*, Aug., 1843. The first pub. work by Collins traced.

Law and the Lady, The, first pub. *The London Graphic*, 13 March, 1875; 3 vols., March, 1875.

n *Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices, The*, first pub. *HW*, 3 to 31 Oct., 1857, in collaboration with Dickens; 1 vol. with *No Thoroughfare* and *Perils of Certain English Prisoners* (1890) when it was repr. in complete form for the first time.

Legacy of Cain, The, first pub. 3 vols., Dec., 1888.

m *Let at Last*, see *A House to Let*.

d *Lighthouse, The*, a drama in 2 acts, not pr., first prod. Tavistock House, June, 1855; Olympic Theatre, Aug., 1857.

nm *Little Huguenot, The*, pub. *HW*, 9 Jan. 1858.

Little Novels, 14 short stories 3 vols., all repr. from various pers., 1887.

* *Love and Liberty*. Parrish places this item on record as one of Collins's works, not in the library at Dormy House he gives no particulars as to source or date of publication I have been unable to find any trace of it.

m *Love's Random Shot*, first pub. *The Seaside Library*, Vol LXXXVII, No. 1770. The microfilm obtained from the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., reveals no pr. date but the date 1884 is written in ink, and the first page i

rubber stamped: "Library of Congress, Feb. 12 1884". The story occupies 5 p. Parrish makes mention of this story as appearing in *Love's Random Shot and Other Stories* by Wilkie Collins, George Munro's Sons, N.Y., 1894.

Mad Marriage, A, see *A Fatal Fortune.*

m *Magic Spectacles, The*, see *The Devil's Spectacles.*

m *Manchester Marriage, The*, see *A House to Let.*

Man and Wife, first pub. *Har Week*, 11 Dec., 1869 to 6 Aug., 1870; also appeared *Cassell's Magazine*, Jan. to Sept., 1870; 3 vols., 1870.

d* *Man and Wife*, "a dramatic story" 4 acts pub. 1870, prod. Prince of Wales' Theatre, Feb., 1873.

Marriage Tragedy, A, see *Brother Griffith's Story of a Plot in Private Life.*

n *Memoirs of an Adopted Son*, first pub. *ATYR*, 20 April, 1861. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

n *Memoirs of the Life of William Collins, Esq., R.A.*, 2 vols. (1848).

n *Memorandum, Relating to the Life and Writings of Wilkie Collins* (by Collins); enclosed in a letter dated 21 March, 1862, to an unidentified Frenchman. Copy in Parrish, op. cit. p. 4.

Message from the Sea, A, pub. the Extra Christmas Number of *ATYR*, 1860, in collaboration with Dickens. *The Sea-Faring Man* is by Collins alone.

d* *Message from the Sea, A*, a drama in 3 acts, in collaboration with Dickens, (1861).

Miss Bertha and the Yankee, see *The Duel in Herne Wood.*

Miss Dulane and my Lord, first pub. *Sp of the T*, 25 Dec., 1886, then *Bel Ann*, 1887, and inc. *L Nov*, 1887, as *Miss Dulane and my Lord.* The title was originally *An Old Maid's Husband.*

d* *Miss Gwilt*, a drama in 5 acts; pr. for performance in the theatre only, not pub., 1875. Prod. Globe Theatre, April, 1876. This play was adapted from *Armadale.*

Miss Jéromette and the Clergyman, see *A Clergyman's Confession.*

Miss Mina and the Groom, first pub. *Barnes' International Review*, 2 Nov., 1878, as *A Shocking Story;* also appears *Bel Ann*, 1878, under the same title. Inc. *L Nov* (1887) as *Miss Mina and the Groom.*

Miss Morris and the Stranger, see *How I Married Him.*

Miss or Mrs?, first pub. as a Christmas story *The London Graphic Illustrated Newspaper*, 13 Dec., 1871; 1 vol. as *Miss or Mrs?: And Other Stories in Outline* (1873). This vol. comprises *Miss or Mrs?*, *Blow up with the Brig!*, *The Fatal Cradle* and *A Mad Marriage*.

Monkstons of Wincot Abbey, The, see *Brother Griffith's Story of Mad Monkton*.

Moonstone, The, first pub. *ATYR*, 4 Jan. to 8 Aug., 1868; 3 vols., 1868.

d* *Moonstone, The*, "a dramatic story in four acts", not pub., prod. Olympic Theatre, 17 Sept., 1877.

Morwick Farm Mystery, The, see *John Jago's Ghost*.

Mr Captain and the Nymph, see *The Captain's Last Love*.

Mr Cosway and the Landlady, first pub. *The People's Library*, 17 Dec., 1881, as *Your money or your Life*. Inc. *L Nov* (1887).

Mr Lepel and the Housekeeper, see *The Girl at the Gate*.

Mr Lismore and the Widow, first pub. *Sp of the T*, 22 Dec., 1883, as *She Loves and Lies*. Inc. *L Nov* (1887).

Mr Marmaduke and the Minister, first pub. *Sp of the T*, 28 Dec., 1878, as *The Mystery of Marmaduke*. Inc. *L Nov* (1887).

Mr Medhurst and the Princess, first pub. the Christmas Number of *Longman's Magazine*, 1884, as *Royal Love*. Inc. *L Nov* (1887).

Mr Percy and the Prophet, first pub. the Extra Summer Number of *ATYR*, 2 July, 1877, as *Percy and the Prophet*. Inc. *L Nov* (1887).

Mr Policeman and the Cook, first pub. *The Seaside Library*, 26 Jan., 1881, as *Who Killed Zebedee?* Inc. *L Nov* (1887).

Mr Wray's Cash-Box or the Mask and the Mystery, first pub. 1 vol., Dec., 1851.

n *Mrs Badgery*, first pub. *HW*, 26 Sept., 1857. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

n *Mrs Bullwinkle*, first pub. *HW*, 17 April, 1858. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Mrs Zant and the Ghost, see *The Ghost's Touch*.

n *My Black Mirror*, first pub. *HW*, 6 Sept., 1856. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

My Lady's Money, first pub. *The London Illustrated News*, Dec., 1877; 2 vols. with *The Haunted Hotel*, Nov., 1878.

n *My Miscellanies*, a collection of reprints from *HW* and *ATYR*, pub. 2 vols., 1863.

n *My Spinsters*, first pub. *HW*, 23 Aug., 1856. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Mystery of Marmaduke, see *Mr Marmaduke and the Minister*.

n* *National Gallery and the Old Masters, The*, pub. *HW*, 25 Oct., 1856.

New Magdalen, The, first pub. *Temple Bar*, Jan. to Dec., 1872; 2 vols., 1873.

d* *New Magdalen, The*, a drama in a prologue and 3 acts, pub. 1873 and prod. 19 May, 1873, Olympic Theatre.

New Mind, A, see *Brother Owen's Story of the Parson's Scruple*.

Nine O'clock, pub. *Bentley's Miscellany*, XXXII, p. 222-234.

No Name, first pub. *ATYR*, 15 March, 1862, to 17 Jan., 1863; 3 vols., Dec., 1862.

d* *No Name*, first written as a drama in 5 acts in 1863, but not then prod. Pub. 1870 as a drama in 4 acts with an altered text and prod. Fifth Avenue Theatre, N.Y., June, 1871.

m *No Thoroughfare*, first pub. the Christmas Number for *ATYR*, 1867. Written in collaboration with Dickens. Pub. 1 vol. in 1890 with other stores *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, q.v.

d* *No Thoroughfare*, a drama in 5 acts, prod. Adelphi Theatre, Dec., 1867.

Old Maid's Husband, An, see *Miss Dulane and my Lord*.

Ostler, The, see *Brother Morgan's Story of the Dream Woman*.

m *Over the Way*, see *A House to Let*.

Parson's Scruple, A, see *Brother Owen's Story of a Parson's Scruple*.

m *Passage in the Life of Perugino Potts, A*, first pub. *Bentley's Miscellany*, Vol. 39, Feb., 1852.

Percy and the Prophet, see *Mr Percy and the Prophet*.

Perils of Certain English Prisoners, The, first pub. the Extra Christmas Number of *HW*, 1857, written in collaboration with Dickens. Inc. *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices and Other Stories* (1890).

n *Petition to the Novel-Writers, A*, first pub. *HW*, 6 Dec., 1856; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Picking up Waifs at Sea, see *The Fatal Cradle*.

n* *Pictorial Tour to St George Bosherville, A, Bentley's Miscellany*, 1851.

nm *Pity a Poor Prince*, pub. *HW*, 15 Jan., 1859.

Plot in Private Life, A, see *A Marriage Tragedy*.

m *Poetry Did It, The: An Event in the Life of Major Evergreen*, pub. *Sp of the T*, 26 Dec., 1885.

n *Poisoned Meal, The*, first pub. *HW*, 18 Sept. to 2 Oct., 1858. Inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Poor Miss Finch, first pub. *Cassel's Magazine*, Oct., 1871, to March, 1872; 3 vols., Feb., 1872.

n *Portrait of an Author, Painted by His Publisher*, first pub. *ATYR*, 18 to 25 June, 1859; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

n *Pray Employ Major Namby!*, first publ *ATYR*, 4 June, 1859; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Queen of Hearts, The, 3 vols., consisting of 10 stories, all reprints, with a connecting narrative, 1859.

n *Queen's Revenge, A*, first pub. *HW*, 15 Aug., 1857; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

n *Rambles Beyond Railways or Notes in Cornwall Taken a-foot*, pub. 1 vol., Jan., 1851.

d* *Rank and Riches*, "a play in four acts and five tableaux", not pr. prod. Adelphi Theatre, 9 June, 1883.

Readings and Writings in America, see *The Frozen Deep and Other Tales*.

n* *Recollections of Charles Fechter*, a chapter contributed by Collins to *Charles Albert Fechter* by Kate Field (Osgood, Boston, 1882).

d* *Red Vial, The*, in 3 acts, not pr., prod. Royal Olympic Theatre 11 Oct., 1858. In 1880 used as basic material for *Jezebel's Daughter*, q.v.

n *Remarkable Revolution, A*, first pub. *HW*, 1 Aug., 1857; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

nm *Reminiscences of a Story-Teller*, pub. *The Universal Review*, May to Aug., 1888.

n *Right Proper*, see *Highly Proper*.

Rogue's Life, A, first pub. *HW*, 1 to 29 March, 1856; 1 vol., 1879.

Royal Love, see *Mr Medhurst and the Princess*.

Sane Madman, A, see *A Fatal Fortune*.

n *Save Me from My Friends*, firstpub. *HW*, 16 Jan., 1858; inc. *My Misc*. (1863).

n* *Sea-breezes with the London Smack*, pub. *HW*, 4 Sept., 1858.

Sea-Faring Man, The, see *A Message from the Sea.*

n* *Sermon for Sepoys*, pub. *HW*, 27 Feb., 1858.

m *Seven Poor Travellers, The*, an Extra Christmas Number of *HW*, 1854, written in collaboration with Dickens. Chapter IV, A *Stolen Letter*, is by Collins and was later inc. *After Dark* (1856).

She Loves and Lies, see *Mr Lismore and the Widow.*

n *Shockingly Rude Article, A*, first pub. *HW*, 28 Aug., 1858; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Shocking Story, A, see *Miss Mina and the Groom.*

nm *Shy Scheme, A*, pub. *HW*, 20 March, 1858.

Siege of the Black Cottage, The, see *Brother Owen's Story of the Black Cottage.*

Sister Rose, first pub. *HW*, 7 to 28 April, 1855; inc. *After Dark* (1856).

Stolen Letter, A, see *The Seven Poor Travellers.*

nm *Strike*, pub. *HW*, 6 Feb., 1858.

n *Talk-Stoppers*, first pub. *HW*, 25 Oct., 1856; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

Terribly Strange Bed, A, first pub. *HW*, 24 April, 1852; inc. *After Dark* (1856).

n* *Thanks to Dr Livingstone*, pub. *HW*, 23 Jan., 1858.

m *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, see *The Fatal Cradle.*

n *To Think, or Be Thought for?*, first pub. *HW*, 13 Sept., and 25 Oct., 1856; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

m *Trottle's Report*, see *A House to Let.*

m *Twin Sisters, The*, pub. *Bentley's Miscellany*, Vol. 39, March, 1851.

Two Destinies, The, first pub. *Temple Bar*, Jan. to Aug., 1876; pub. 2 vols., 1876.

Uncle George or the Family Mystery, see *Brother Griffith's Story of the Family Secret.*

n *Unknown Public, The*, first pub. *HW*, 21 Aug, 1858; inc. *My Misc* (1863).

n* *Use of Gas in Theatres, The*, an essay written in 1881, pub. under the title, *The Air and the Audience* (Rice, N.Y., 1885). Also pub. *The Mask*, Florence, Italy, Oct., 1924.

n* *Victims of Circumstances, Discovered in Records of Old Trials*, pub. *Youth's Companion*, 19 Aug., 1886.

m *Who is the Thief?*, see *The Biter Bit.*

Who Killed Zebedee?, see *Mr Policeman and the Cook.*

Woman in White, The, pub. simultaneously *Har Week* (2 Nov., 1859 to 4 Aug., 1860) and *ATYR* (26 Nov., 1859 to 25 Aug., 1860); 3 vols, Aug., 1860.

d* *Woman in White, The*, a drama in 3 acts, first prod. Theatr Royal, Leicester, 26 Aug., 1870. Revised and pub. as drama "in a prologue and four acts" in 1871, then prod Olympic Theatre, London, 9 Oct., 1871.

Wreck of the Golden Mary, The, first pub. the Extra Christma Number to *HW*, 1856, written in collaboration with Dickens pub. 1 vol. in 1898.

Yellow Mask, The, first pub. *HW*, 7 to 28 July, 1855; inc *After Dark* (1856).

m *Yellow Tiger, The*, pub. *HW*, 8 Aug., 1857.

Your Money or Your Life, see *Mr Cosway and the Landlady*

II

THE WORKS OF WILKIE COLLINS

being a chronological list of all items traced, giving titles under which first published

f=fiction
n=non-fiction
d=drama

n	1843	Aug.		*The Last Stage Coachman*
n	1848	Nov.	14-19	*Memoirs of the Life of William Collins, Esq. R.A.*
d	1850	Feb.		*A Court Duel.*
f			27	*Antonina.*
n	1851	Jan.	30	*Rambles Beyond Railways.*
				Pictorial Tour to St George Bosherville.
f		March		*The Twin Sisters.*
f		Dec.	13-19	*Mr Wray's Cash-Box.*
f	1852	Feb.		*A Passage in the Life of Perugino Potts.*
f				*The Monkstons of Wincot Abbey.*
f		April	24	*A Terribly Strange Bed.*
f		Aug.		*Nine O'clock.*
f		Nov.	16	*Basil.*
f	1853	April	16-23	*Gabriel's Marriage.*
f	1854	June	6	*Hide and Seek.*
f		Dec.	Xmas	*The Seven Poor Travellers.*

f	1855	April	7-28	*Sister Rose.*
d		June		*The Lighthouse.*
f		July	7-28	*The Yellow Mask.*
n		Dec.	22	*The Cruise of the Tom-Tit.*
f			Xmas	*The Ostler* in *the Holly Tree Inn.*
f	1856	Feb.	14-29	*After Dark.*
f				*The Lady of Glenwith Grange.*
f		March	1-29	*A Rogue's Life.*
n		June	7-14	*Laid up in Lodgings.*
f		July	19-26	*Diary of Anne Rodway.*
n		Aug.	23	*My Spinsters.*
n		Sept.	6	*My Black Mirror.*
n		Sept.	13 &	
		Oct.	25	*To Think, or to Be Thought For?*
n		Oct.	25	*Talk-Stoppers.*
n				*The National Gallery and the Old Masters.*
n		Dec.	6	*A Petition to the Novel-Writers.*
n			13	*Bold Words by a Bachelor.*
f			Xmas	*The Wreck of the Golden Mary.*
f	1857	Jan.	3 to	
		June	13	*The Dead Secret.*
d		Jan.	6	*The Frozen Deep.*
f		Feb.		*The Siege of the Black Cottage.*
f		May		*Uncle George or the Family Mystery.*
f		July	18	*A Fair Penitent.*
n		Aug.	1	*A Remarkable Revolution.*
f			8	*The Yellow Tiger.*
n			15	*A Queen's Revenge.*
n		Sept.	5	*A Journey in Search of Nothing.*
n			19	*The Debtor's Best Friend.*
n			26	*Mrs Badgery.*
n		Oct.	3-31	*The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices.*
f			10	*The Double-Bedded Room.*
f		Dec.	Xmas	*The Perils of Certain English Prisoners.*
n	1858	Jan.	2	*Deep Design on Society.*
n			9	*The Little Huguenot.*
n			16	*Save Me from My Friends.*
n			23	*Thanks to Dr Livingstone.*
f		Feb.		*A Marriage Tragedy.*
n			6	*Strike.*
n			13	*Give us Room!*

n	1858	Feb.	27	*Sermon for Sepoys.*
n		March	6	*Dramatic Grub Street* (*Explored in Two Letters*).
n			20	*A Shy Scheme.*
n			27	*Awful Warning to Bachelors.*
f		April		*Who is the Thief?*
n			17	*Mrs Bullwinkle.*
n		Aug.	21	*The Unknown Public.*
n			28	*A Shockingly Rude Article.*
n		Sept.	4	*Sea-Breezes with the London Smack.*
n		Sept.	18, 25,	
	&	Oct.	2	*A Poisoned Meal.*
n		Oct.	2	*Highly Proper!*
d			11	*The Red Vial.*
f		Nov.	13	*A Paradoxical Experience.*
n		Dec.	18	*Dr Dulcamara, M.P.*
f			Xmas	*A House to Let.*
f	1859	Jan.	1	*A New Mind.*
n			15	*Pity a Poor Prince.*
n		Feb.	5	*Douglas Jerrold.*
n			12	*Burns, Viewed as a Hat-Peg.*
n		March	12	*The Great* (*Forgotten*) *Invasion.*
n			19	*A Breach of British Privilege.*
n		May	28	*A Dramatic Author.*
n		June	4	*Pray Employ Major Namby!*
n			18 & 25	*Portrait of an Author Painted by his Publisher.*
n		Aug.	6	*The Bachelor Bedroom.*
f		Oct.	1-14	*The Queen of Hearts.*
n			9	*A Clause for the New Reform Bill.*
f		Nov.	26 to	
		Aug.	4, 1860	*The Woman in White.*
f	1859	Dec.		*The Haunted House.*
f	1860	Dec.		*A Message from the Sea.*
n	1861	April	20	*Memoirs of an Adopted Son.*
n		May	11	*The Cauldron of Oil.*
f		Dec.		*Tom Tiddler's Ground.*
f	1862	March	15 to	
		Jan.	17, 1863	*No Name.*
n	1862	March	21	*Memorandum, Relating to the Life and Writings of Wilkie Collins.*
d				*No Name* (as a drama).

n 1863	Oct.	*My Miscellanies.*
f 1864	Nov. to June, 1866	*Armadale.*
d 1866		*Armadale* (as a drama).
f 1867	Dec.	*No Thoroughfare.*
d		*No Thoroughfare* (as a drama).
f 1868	Jan. 4 to Aug. 8	*The Moonstone.*
d 1869	March	*Black and White.*
f	Dec. 11 to Aug. 6, 1870	*Man and Wife.*
d 1870		*Man and Wife* (as a drama).
		No Name (as a drama).
d	Aug. 26	*The Woman in White* (as a drama).
f 1871	Oct. to Mar. 1872	*Poor Miss Finch.*
f 1871	Dec. 13	*Miss or Mrs?*
f 1872	Jan-Dec.	*The New Magdalen.*
d 1873	May 19	*The New Magdalen* (as a drama).
f	Dec. 27 to Feb. 4, 1874	*John Jago's Ghost.*
f 1873		*Miss or Mrs? and Other Stories in Outline.*
f 1874	Aug.-Oct.	*The Frozen Deep.*
	Oct. 17-24	*A Fatal Fortune.*
	Nov. 18-30	*The Dream Woman.*
f 1875	March 13	*The Law and the Lady.*
	Aug.-Sept.	*The Clergyman's Confession.*
l		*Miss Gwilt.*
f 1876	Jan.-Aug.	*The Two Destinies.*
	Dec. 23	*The Captain's Last Love.*
1877	July 2	*Percy and the Prophet.*
l	Sept. 17	*The Moonstone* (as a drama).
	Dec. 22	*The Duel in Herne Wood.*
	Dec.	*My Lady's Money.*
1878	June-Nov.	*The Haunted Hotel.*
	Nov. 2	*A Shocking Story.*
	Dec. 28	*The Mystery of Marmaduke.*
1878-1879		*The Fallen Leaves.*
1879		*The Ghost's Touch.*
	Dec. 20	*The Devil's Spectacles.*
		Jezebel's Daughter.

n	1880	June		*Considerations on the Copyright Question Addressed to an American Friend.*
f		Nov. to June, 1881		*The Black Robe.*
f	1881	Jan.	26	*Who Killed Zebedee?*
f		Dec.	17	*Your Money or Your Life.*
f			24	*How I married Him.*
n				*The Use of Gas in Theatres.*
f	1882	Aug.-June, 1883		*Heart and Science.*
f	1882	Dec.	23	*Fie! Fie! or the Fair Physician.*
n				*Recollections of Charles Fechter.*
d	1883	June	9	*Rank and Riches.*
f		Dec.	22	*She Loves and Lies.*
f	1884	Feb.	12	*Love's Random Shot.*
f		Nov.		*I Say No.*
f		Dec.	6	*The Girl at the Gate.*
f			Xmas	*Royal Love.*
d	1885			*The Evil Genius.*
f	1885	Dec.	11 to May 11, 1886	*The Evil Genius* (as fiction).
f	1885	Dec.	26	*The Poetry did it: An Event in the Life of Major Evergreen.*
n	1886	Aug.	19	*Victims of Circumstances, Discovered in Records of Old Trials.*
f		Dec.	25	*An Old Maid's Husband.*
f			Xmas	*The Guilty River.*
f	1887	April		*Little Novels.*
f		Dec.	24	*The First Officer's Confession.*
n				*How I write my Books.*
n	1888	May-Aug.		*Reminiscences of a Storyteller.*
f		July	5	*Legacy of Cain.*
f		July-Dec.		*Blind Love.*
n	1890			*The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices and Other Stories.*
f	1898			*The Wreck of the Golden Mary* (in one vol.)

READERS' FORUM

EARLY TEACHERS OF ENGLISH IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Editor,

English Studies in Africa.

Dear Sir,

In his interesting article on 'Early Teachers of English in South Africa' (March, 1959), my friend Mr Eric Rosenthal states with reference to Dr James Adamson of the S.A. College:

> Among his achievements was the production in 1845 of a book on English grammar, towards the cost of which the Senate of the S.A. College . . . contributed £25. What this book contained is unknown, as no copies survive.

Your readers may be interested to know that a copy does survive in the South African Library, with holograph additions by Adamson himself. The title is: *A Manual of Instruction for the South African College. Literature. Part I. The Principles of grammar applied to the English Language. Cape Town: Printed by Pike & Philip, 59, St. George's Street, for the South African College. Published by J. H. Collard, Cape Town.—J. Johnstone, Edinburgh, 1846.*

The text comprises pages 1-140, after which follows with no additional title in the Library copy, Part II. Latin Grammar, p. 141-272. Between the title-page and the Preface eight pages in Adamson's own writing have been bound in. The opening paragraph of this manuscript foreword reads as follows:

> This volume and another on Geometry, are all that were prepared in conformity with the proposal mentioned in the preface [for a series of text books]. The sheets which follow were published at different times, and were put to use as they were procured. The resources capable of being devoted to such undertakings, were very scanty. There could be no sale for anything of the sort in this place. Even the pupils in the College were generally supplied with this and other works at the expense of the teacher. It was therefore necessary to be sparing of space in printing, or, to study to the uttermost, condensation of expression. Thus the illustrations of principles stated could be given only sparingly.

The book gives the impression that the author succeeded tolerably well in this; though Adamson—undoubtedly one of the greatest intellects of his day at the Cape—was known as being far superior in acquiring knowledge than in imparting it to others. The headings in the list of contents are: Science of Grammar, Glossary or Explanations of Terms, Art of Grammar, Orthography, Etymology, Table of Aberrant Forms, Tables of Conjugations, Parsing, Syntax.

The Rev. Dr James Adamson, D.D., came to this country in 1827 as the first minister of the Scottish Church. He was one of the founders of the S.A. College, and occupied the Chair of Mathematics from 1829 to 1830, when he resigned on the issue of religious education in the College.

He relinquished his clerical charge in 1841 to devote his full attention to his new chair of English and Classics, which he held till 1850.

A. M. LEWIN ROBINSON.

The South African Public Library,
Cape Town.
12 August, 1959.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Dear Sir,

I regret the lateness of my answer to Mr Langman's comment on my view of *Troilus and Cressida.* I did not see the second issue of *English Studies in Africa* until some time after my return to the Union from Canada early this year.

I am grateful to Mr Langman for his admiring comments, but hope that, when he praised me for my "passionate conviction," he was not indirectly alluding to Yeats's opinion of those who are "full of passionate intensity." As for the charge that I consider both Troilus and Hector immaculate in honour, but am wrong in doing so, since neither of these warriors was wise or absolutely just, I have never believed that a warrior's sense of honour has much to do with absolute wisdom or absolute justice.

I was referring to a manly ideal, which I consider admirable, even though it remains human and unwise. I have yet to meet any significant literary context in which manly codes of honour are equated with perfect wisdom and absolute justice, and I hope Mr Langman will understand me when I claim that a man may be

impeccable in honour and yet be human in his folly and only seldom wise.

The contrast between human honour and human conceptions of absolute good is, I find, a fascinating one, and I must thank Mr Langman for having drawn my attention to it.

EDWARD DAVIS.

University of South Africa,
Pretoria.
13 August, 1959.

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SPOKEN ENGLISH AND THE TRAINING OF STUDENTS IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

Dear Sir,

In the March, 1959, copy of *English Studies in Africa*, there is an article on public speaking by Phyllis Scarnell Lean who says that "people who have studied elocution are often very difficult to teach and present special problems. They must be purged of their painfully acquired niceties of voice and manner."

When the South African Guild of Speech Teachers came into existence fourteen years ago, we avoided the use of the word 'elocution' in our name, because of the erroneous ideas which had come to be associated with it. None the less many of the leading teachers of speech and drama were termed elocutionists when they qualified.

Mrs Scarnell Lean appears to be unaware of modern methods of speech teaching, which impose no "niceties of voice and manner," but aim at drawing out the personality of the speaker and developing individual powers of expression.

Recently, for Guild records, I completed a study of the early teachers of speech and drama in South Africa, and as these teachers were members of the theatrical profession, it is possible that they used the somewhat exaggerated enunciation which was usual on the stage in Britain in the days of Henry Irving. Perhaps this old-fashioned type of speech is what Mrs Lean has in mind. I can assure her that it has not been taught for many years, and she may be interested to learn that for thirty years or more it has been necessary to demonstrate proficiency in public speaking in our teachers' diploma examinations.

Lest misapprehensions should be caused by Mrs Lean's remarks, I should like to refer readers to the examination syllabus of the South African Guild of Speech Teachers and to the Speech and Drama syllabus of the University of South Africa. In both syllabuses ease and skill in impromptu speaking whether in conversation, improvisation, story-telling or public speaking are demanded.

In *Spoken English: its practice in schools and training colleges*, a Methuen publication, Mr H. J. Ripper, Lecturer in Elocution at Portsmouth Municipal College and editor of *Speech and Drama*, says:

> It is important to keep in mind that the art of good speech is to speak, not our own language, but rather the language of others—a language they can understand. And the first requirement for the easy understanding of speech is that words shall be easily recognizable.

It will be noted that Mr Harold Ripper calls himself a lecturer in elocution; yet, despite Mrs Lean's remarks about the subject, his ideals are those of all who seek to make communication possible through the spoken word.

NORAH TAYLOR.

Johannesburg.
6 August, 1959.

* * *

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CONTEMPORARY NOVEL IN AFRIKAANS

Dear Sir,

In my essay, 'Some Thoughts on the Contemporary Novel in Afrikaans,' I was made to state that because of existing racial legislation "it would be more difficult for a writer to create a non-white character with any degree of confidence." I did not say it would be difficult for a writer to do this; I said it would be difficult for a *white* writer.

I would be glad if you would publish this correction, so that none of your readers should suppose that intentionally or otherwise, I slighted non-white writers.

ALAN PATON.

23 Lynton Road, Kloof,
Natal.
14 November, 1959.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A Book of South African Verse, selected and introduced by Guy Butler. Oxford University Press, 1959. xli, 228 p. 18s.

South African Poets, selected and introduced by Roy MacNab. Cape Town, Maskew Miller, 1958. 111 p. 9s.

ANTHOLOGISTS of South African verse in English have had, in the past, to make bricks with inadequate straw. The appearance of two different anthologies in a year would imply that new verse of quality is now available. A study of what is offered in these two volumes does encourage a more optimistic view. But the critical collector who tried to find three dozen poems, excluding the best of Campbell, to recommend to a serious student of English literature, would still be severely tested. Each of the books now under review can, however, produce a dozen new poems to eke out the slender Clarey Slater offerings; and that is a sign of progress.

It would, for the greater confirmation of Professor Butler's introductory remarks about the new inwardness of South African poets, have been better if he had abandoned the past and confined his collection of poems to the last fifteen years. His anthology has no weight, certainly from the pre-1920 period, to balance the verse in the newer, but more exacting forms and rhythms. His preference for innovators or coterie poets has, in fact, led to some unhappy exclusions of writers of disciplined conventional verse, such as R. M. Titlestad, M. M. Webster and J. H. Beaumont, and to the inclusion of others with small rhyme and less reason to merit the *imprimatur* of the Oxford University Press.

Butler's conception of South African poetry as "an educated man's affair" is even more unfortunate. No less than nine of his new poets are University lecturers or teachers. The university or highbrow poet is often a technician unconsciously derivative where he most believes himself to be singular. Removed from his ivory tower, he may write a genuine poem like *Cape Coloured Batman* or *Great Zimbabwe*. It does not, in fact, signify whether a South African poet has porcupines or fairies at the bottom of his garden; his task is not to record its denizens, but to use the language of disciplined emotion to excite the reader to a unique pleasure. Kipling's *The Burial*, Campbell's *The Sling*, Heywood's *A Flamingo's*

Egg and *Grisaille*, Clout's *The Situation*, Eglington's *The Cheetah* and Delius's *The Coming* all achieve this distinction.

There is evidence, however, that Butler has been less indulgently eclectic than his predecessors of 1945 and 1948 anthologies. H. C. Bosman's *Recovery from Mental Illness*, Currey's *In Memoriam: Roy Campbell*, Paton's *To a Small Boy who Died at Diepkloof Reformatory*, Plomer's *The Devil Dancers* and N. H. Brettell's *Elephant* and *Giraffes* are genuine discoveries that have escaped the net of other researchers. On any ground for selection that Butler proposes, however, these poems have no intrinsic justification for inclusion in a South African anthology. The time has surely come when an editor can discard local theme, spiritual affinity or writer's birthplace in order to concentrate on characteristic art and intellectual interest. Wordsworth is an English poet even when he writes of the Simplon Pass or the Beach at Calais; and this because poetry is a universal language speaking of particular objects, in words untranslatable into any local dialect. This view is tenable, even if the verse is satire, such as Delius's *Ethnic Anthem*.

Butler had himself to abandon his principles of selection as an inconvenient fiction. In the middle section of his autobiographical poem *Myths*, the dilemma is more delicately posed than in his introduction, ". . . the imaginative language yielding the sometimes curious flesh / of an African incarnation." Upon what principle of integrity other than art could lines such as the following have been included?

> When the dung-beetle scratches, the noise echoes in the house
> Come wind, blow wind blow!
> I stand still in my garden.
> Let us elect a Minister from some wise stones.
> Set the wine on the table.
> Dead thought is swarming with tyrannical flies.
> The clouds are in congress.
> Set down the fruit.
>
> (S. Clouts, *The Situation*)

or:

> The few who witness here
> The daily brutalizing of our lives
> Move to their last migrations. The way of time
> Is exigency eating at the legend
> Of our love and truth: not the old mysteries

Make fear, but to the still discovering mind
The simple penance of such words brought home.
(Peter Jackson, *Dombashawa*)

But I wonder whether Butler's anthology achieves its purpose better than *Poets in South Africa.* MacNab's exiguous preface is not much help as a principle of selection, except for the curious confession that he has preferred poets to poems. His anthology is apparently designed to parallel the modes of thought of three South African idioms, and to show that culturally we are not so divergent as politicians are apt to assume.

The translations into English of Afrikaans poems by Uys Krige, N. P. van Wyk Louw, Louis Leipoldt, Eugene Marais, Totius and others, while deft and mature, have not the nuanced and homely delight of the Afrikaans originals; but the likeness in feeling and thought is unmistakable. The sonnets of Elisabeth Eybers, in sensitive phrasing, are not unlike those of Mary Morrison Webster, nor the rhythmic ease of van Wyk Louw's *Ballade of Evil* very different from Delius's *Wind and Rain.* The verse of Vilakazi, in spite of its metamorphosis into the intractable syllables of the alien English rhythms, is indigenous poetry in a much more justifiable sense:

Though we cry aloud and groan
As you eat away the joints of our bodies;
Giggle and snigger, you old machines;
It is well that you laugh and scorn our rage,
For great is your power and fearful;
(*In the Gold Mines*)

But the poetry that apostrophizes these elemental physical forces soon passes, through imperceptible stages in Mqhayi and Jolobe (who are almost Biblical psalmodists) to the sophisticated verse rhetoric of Dhlomo:

A hush falls on the scene!
Obedient smiles the sun! The womb
Of life conceives, and life anew
Begins! Worms wind their way to light!
Wild pulsings throb and course and give
New heart and blood unto all tired flesh.
(*Valley of a Thousand Hills*)

In such westernized musings the African or primitive note is as jejune as in the Xhosa songs of Francis Carey Slater. What makes

poetry essentially different in our ears is not its ecology or its tribal sentiment, but an unfamiliar technical artistry. MacNab's anthology, even in its more pedestrian moments of translation, helps to establish this conviction by the greater diversity of its modes than Butler's.

The widespread creative activity in literature at present reflects not only cultural tension, but a striving within the framework to speak with a common spiritual voice about emergent humanity in Africa. The most memorable product of this new age is surely Delius's *Time in Africa*, with its stately march of splendidly cadenced rhythms and vigorous imagery. Time and history are the themes of its experiment—the panorama of the historical past seen against more enduring geological time; the sun's unfading benediction of scents, sounds and hues captured in a magical phrasing not unlike Campbell's. But epical solemnity is not the only music Delius plays; he uses the conventional quatrains with taste and imagination in *Pretoria Afternoon;* what he lacks is the lyrical *expertise* of Charles Madge in *Delusions IV* or Roy Campbell in *The Dreaming Spires*, all three poems being in the same measure. The lyrical poems in this volume are of surprising range and beauty, from Beaumont's restrained *An Obeisance to Grass* to Uys Krige's uninhibited *The Seagull.* There are sonnets, too, of nearly perfect craftmanship in Campbell's *The Secret Muse* and Mary Morrison Webster's *So Have I writ* and *Illi Morituri;* the omission of poems of such quality from Butler's anthology, can only be explained by the unjustifiable importance he attaches to natural speech rhythms.

Butler nevertheless remains the official spokesman of poetic aspirations at present. He, Delius and Krige have argued against the flight of promising poets to find a more satisfying emotional and intellectual aura for their work in Europe. Butler's striving to be articulate in poetry is no new thing; he often obscures his purpose by an unnecessary complexity of form and rhythm; sometimes mastered, as in the ten-line stanza of *Livingstone Crosses Africa*, with its effective abundance of off-rhymes—the nearest poem in kind to Delius's *Time in Africa.* The poet, unless he is a dramatist, speaks in his own voice about his own feelings; he finds names, he becomes a maker, only if descriptive originality is conveyed through images that testify to a unique emotional experience.

A. C. PARTRIDGE.

L'Idée romantique de la Poésie en Angleterre, by Albert Gérard. Paris, Société d'Edition "Les Belles Lettres," 1955. Bibliothèque de la Faculté de philosophie de l'Université de Liège, Fascicule CXXXVI. 416 p. 1000 frs.

THE English Romantic poets, according to F. R. Leavis as quoted by Professor Gérard, "do not exemplify any common Romanticism"; all they have in common is "the absence of anything to replace the very positive tradition" which had prevailed hitherto. Professor Gérard is ready enough to admit that "a forest is made up of trees" and shows due appreciation of the variety of approach displayed by the English Romantics. All the same, the trees do make up a forest, and in this fully-documented and thoughtful study of the poetic ideal of the major Romantics Professor Gérard takes up with conspicuous success the challenge implied in Dr Leavis's judgment. In six extensive chapters each covering a cardinal aspect of poetic theory, he builds up from the writings of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley, with some corroboration from Hazlitt, a comprehensive picture of the Romantic conception of poetry in England.

The synthesis achieved in this way is neither abstract nor forced. Professor Gérard makes no attempt to show that his four poets thought alike, or even consistently; on the contrary he stresses their differences and follows the development of each with some care; but by bringing together their several contributions to each aspect of poetic theory he has no difficulty in showing that they thought and worked within a broad community of ideas which may well be described as the English Romantic conception of poetry. They shared a broad view of the nature and function of the imagination, of the role of feeling in poetry, of imagery and symbol, within which they exhibit divergent tendencies and temperaments, but which is quite coherent enough to distinguish them from other groups of poets writing in other times and places. The Lake poets turned away from mythology; Keats and Shelley in their more ambitious works returned to it, apparently for quite different reasons. Yet Keats, seeking by the use of mythological allegory to "*idéaliser la richesse sensorielle de ses transcriptions du réel*," and Shelley having recourse to similar procedures for the contrary purpose of giving concrete expression to an ideal, were but pursuing that "synthesis of the ideal and the real" which Coleridge and Wordsworth had "conceived intellectually, experi-

enced intuitively and formulated lyrically," and which for Professor Gérard is an essential part of the English Romantic ideal. Not that the Romantics were always successful in their attempt to give "fully integrated poetic expression" to this synthesis; for that matter Professor Gérard is not concerned with the practice of his poets; but:

> le besoin mystique d'idéal, le sens du spirituel d'une part, et, d'autre part, l'ardent désir d'établir entre le moi et le non-moi une relation affective et sensorielle concrète

remain the twin aspirations dominating English Romanticism.

In characterizing the English Romantic ideal, Professor Gérard situates it in its historical context and also makes interesting comparisons with French and, more particularly, German Romanticism. His comparisons are invariably favourable to the English poets. French Romanticism, rich and varied as it was, appears very superficial beside the English, with its serious and responsible aspiration to a new and fuller understanding of the world. German Romanticism could hardly be called superficial; but, Professor Gérard tells us, it is lost in the clouds; English Romanticism, with a sense of reality lacking in its German counterpart, implies an ideal of balance and integration. The *Weltschmerz* of the German Romantics has no parallel among the English, for whom the poetic gift brought joy rather than melancholy, and whose thought, educative in its purpose as it was moral in its foundations, is orientated more towards life than death. German Romanticism, too, is often fragmentary in form, serving merely to guide the reader's mind towards the inexpressible, whereas the English Romantics developed a theory of organic form deeply rooted in their view of nature and of the poetic imagination. In short, English Romanticism would seem to have more in common with the 'classicism' of Goethe and Schiller than with the German Romantic school, and more with Baudelaire than with the accredited French Romantics. For it never lost touch with the past. Though it ran counter to other tendencies of the age, it was less a revolution than a reformation, retaining much that seemed to be of value in earlier views of literature, particularly the idea of *il più nell 'uno* and that polarity of abstract and concrete which had underlain the neo-classical doctrines of property and verisimilitude and now nourished the Romantic conception of imagery and symbol. At the same time, though fully alive to certain weaknesses, Professor Gérard sees the English Romantic movement as rich in promise for the future, the precursor

in some respects of later movements and the source of values which are still implicit in much of our criticism to-day.

Altogether this is a well-rounded picture of the English Romantic ideal set in a wide historical and cultural perspective and conveyed with clarity and precision. I cannot pretend that the book as a whole makes very engaging reading: Professor Gérard's thoroughness in relating each aspect of his subject to the central preoccupations of Romanticism has resulted in more than a little tedious repetition. But it is an ample and penetrating study, at once scholarly and sympathetic, of an important renewal of thought; and no doubt it will take its place as a significant contribution within the context of English scholarship. Among French readers, to whom it is primarily addressed, it can hardly fail to provoke reflection on the curious fact that the French Romantics, heavily as they drew on inspiration from England, remained almost entirely ignorant of Professor Gérard's poets; and more generally and perhaps more usefully, to deepen understanding of the English tradition.

M. SHACKLETON.

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